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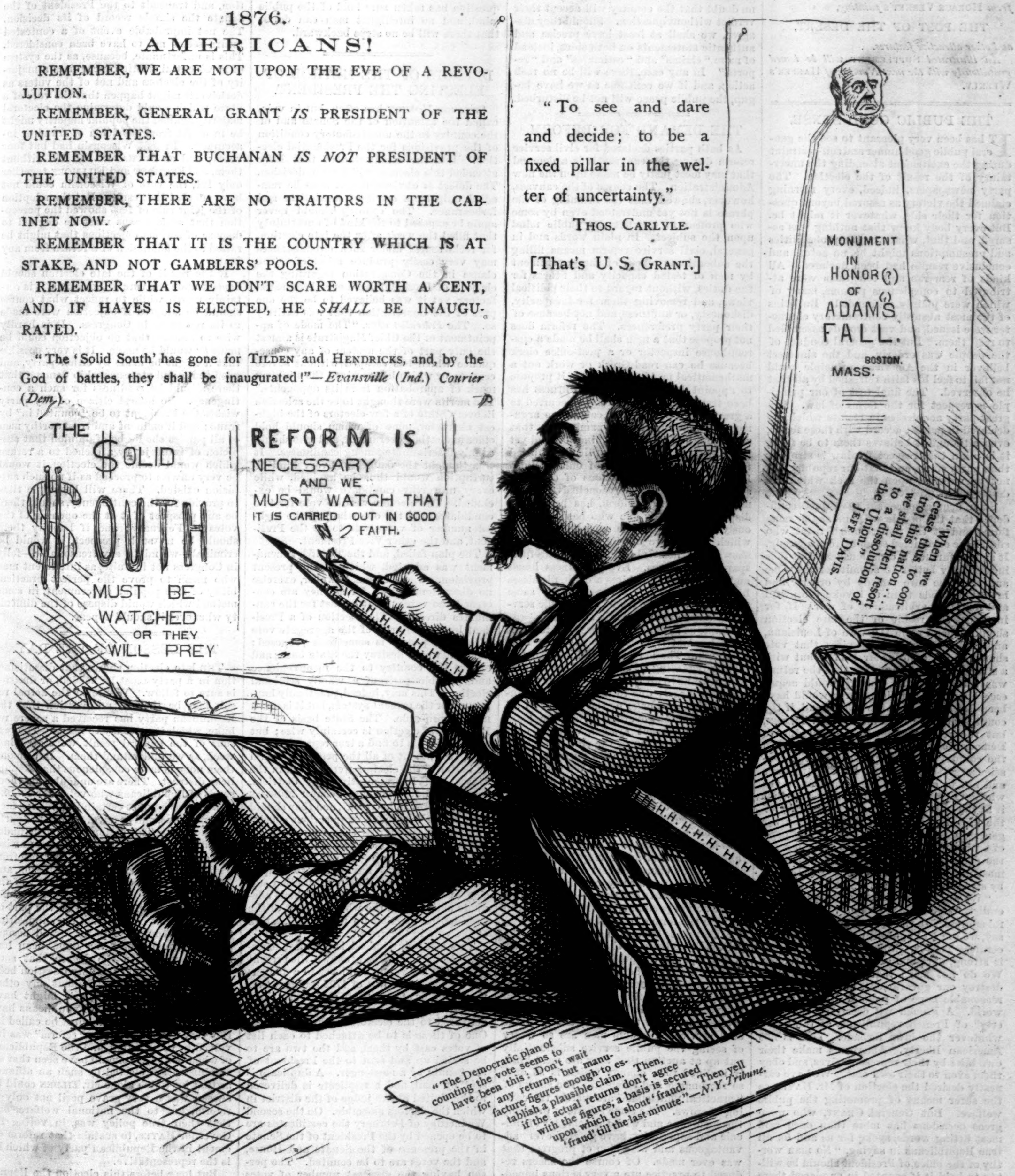

1876.

AMERICANS!

REMEMBER, WE ARE NOT UPON THE EVE OF A REVOLUTION.

REMEMBER, GENERAL GRANT *IS* PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

REMEMBER THAT BUCHANAN *IS NOT* PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

REMEMBER, THERE ARE NO TRAITORS IN THE CABINET NOW.

REMEMBER THAT IT IS THE COUNTRY WHICH IS AT STAKE, AND NOT GAMBLERS' POOLS.

REMEMBER THAT WE DON'T SCARE WORTH A CENT, AND IF HAYES IS ELECTED, HE *SHALL* BE INAUGURATED.

"The 'Solid South' has gone for TILDEN and HENDRICKS, and, by the God of battles, they shall be inaugurated!"—*Evansville* (*Ind.*) *Courier* (*Dem.*).

"To see and dare and decide; to be a fixed pillar in the welter of uncertainty."

THOS. CARLYLE.

[That's U. S. GRANT.]

"When we cease thus to control this nation: . . we shall then resort to a dissolution of the Union."

JEFF DAVIS.

"The Democratic plan of counting the vote seems to have been this: Don't wait for any returns, but manufacture figures enough to establish a plausible claim. Then, if the actual returns don't agree with the figures, a basis is secured upon which to shout 'fraud.' Then yell 'fraud' till the last minute."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE $OLID $OUTH MUST BE WATCHED OR THEY WILL PREY
REFORM IS NECESSARY AND WE MUST WATCH THAT IT IS CARRIED OUT IN GOOD FAITH.
H. H. H. H. H. H. H. H.
MONUMENT IN HONOR(?) OF ADAMS FALL. BOSTON. MASS.
H. H. H. H. H. H. H.

NO REST FOR THE WICKED—SENTENCED TO MORE HARD LABOR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1876.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine double-page engraving from* HORACE VERNET'S *painting,*

THE POST OF THE DESERT,

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THE PUBLIC GOOD SENSE.

IT has been very pleasant to see the general public good humor and self-restraint during the excitement attending the uncertainty of the result of the election. The party newspapers, indeed, every morning claimed the victory as assured beyond question for their side, whatever it might be. But every body knew that nothing was assured, and that, whatever the probabilities and presumptions might be, no actual and conclusive results had been declared. All kinds of remarks and telegrams were attributed to conspicuous persons, many of which were plainly unfounded. Bulletins of the most absurdly contradictory character were issued, and vast crowds assembled to read them. But the general conduct of the people was orderly, and the sincerest believer in the American principle could not fail to feel his faith refreshed by all that he observed. The final test of our principle is respect for the forms of law. If a great party acquiesces in results which are declared in perfect accord with those forms, even although it believes them to be false, it is plain that respect for law is stronger than party spirit, and that our republic will not be wrecked upon the rock which has destroyed its predecessors.

Such acquiescence shows a just confidence that the people will, under the same forms and at the polls, punish those who shall have committed so monstrous a wrong. It shows, further, a consciousness that it is incalculably better to submit for the time and seek the sure remedy by orderly and lawful methods than to invoke the awful and doubtful arbitrament of war. If, for instance, the result of the late election should depend upon the vote of Louisiana, and, under Republican auspices, that vote should be declared for Mr. HAYES, but with a strong general conviction that the return was fraudulent, the country would acquiesce, but the Republican party would have been destroyed. On the other hand, if the count should be declared for Mr. TILDEN, but the result should be plainly due to Democratic terror in certain parishes, again the country would acquiesce, but the consciousness that he owed his seat to force and not to honest voting would unite the whole "North" against his party and rout it at the next election. After the flurry of the first days of doubt, this has been the general tone of the great body of the press of both parties, and the press can not serve the country and the principles which are most precious to all of us more surely than by steady persistence in this tone.

"We are all Republicans, we are all Federalists," said Mr. JEFFERSON in his inaugural address. In the same sense we may now say, we are all Republicans, we are all Democrats. That is, while our party preference is strong, our love of country is stronger. We do not mean that party spirit shall destroy our government, and with it the reasonable hope of popular liberty in the world. A French wit described the "liberty" of French republicans as the doing whatever the laws forbade. That is not American liberty. Americans make their own laws by their representatives, and obey them even to their own cost. We have earnestly desired the election of Mr. HAYES as the surer means of promoting the public welfare. But General GRANT, who upon great occasions has more than once said most fitting words, spoke for us and for all true Republicans in saying, "No man worthy of the office of President should be willing to hold it if counted in or placed there by fraud. Either party can afford to be disappointed in the result. The country can not afford to have the result tainted by the suspicion of illegal or false returns."

The American cleverness and readiness to meet an emergency were shown both in the suggestion of the President and the action of the Democratic Committee. "It is to be hoped," said the President, "that representative and fair men of both parties will go" and see "a fair count of the vote actually cast." To make the plan wholly satisfactory, the chairmen of the two National Committees should have united in inviting a few conspicuous and thoroughly trusted men in each party. The next best thing was done, however, in the President's invitation on the one side and that of the chairman of the Democratic Committee on the other. The action was indicative of the ready good sense and patriotism which may be trusted to avert trouble. The report of the gentlemen on both sides who went to see fair play will be received with great interest. Should they agree, there is no doubt that the country will accept their verdict without question. Should they disagree, we shall at least have precise and authentic statements on both sides, instead of mere "claims" and "estimates" and "reports." In any case, there will be no rash action, and if we continue as we have begun, the public peace will not be disturbed.

THE DEMAND FOR REFORM.

As both parties declared for civil service reform during the canvass, it is a demand that may most justly be made upon the new Administration. The course of the canvass, however, showed that the meaning of the phrase is not yet understood even by some who profess to instruct the public mind upon the subject. In plain words and in general, civil service reform means filling the subordinate offices of the government by men of tested capacity and fitness for the duties, without regard to their political views, and removing them for incapacity, dishonesty, or unfitness, and not because of their party preferences. The reform does not propose that a man shall be made a custom-house inspector or a post-office clerk because he can read Greek or work out a mathematical problem; nor does it propose to appoint him at all until his fitness has been tested. It seems to have occurred to a great many people, as a conclusive argument against any test of examination, that a man might pass any examination and yet lack the special ability or aptitude required for an efficient discharge of official duty. But this is the most obvious of considerations, and, like most "conclusive" arguments against the reform, has been fully disposed of by any one who has ever seriously thought upon the subject—a process which the nature of the stock objections shows that most objectors have carefully spared themselves. Every business house and every man that hires a clerk, dismisses him if he does not suit. And the same thing can readily be done in the public service by a system of probation or trial.

Simple as the change proposed is, it is yet radical. And it is as reasonable as it is thorough. The fierceness and intensity of feeling regarding a Presidential election, of which we have all recently seen something, are very largely due to the fact that it involves the patronage or the plunder of all the offices of the government, large or small. Under our present system, we not only change the direction of the ship at an election, but we take the ship entirely apart, and reconstruct her anew. We thus make it the interest of every officer to make the most of his place for his own advantage, and to attend to political jobbery rather than to the public service. The result is the exclusion from political life of the very element that is most desirable in it, and the inevitable degradation and corruption of public affairs. The enormous cost of our elections—a cost extravagant beyond any parallel or precedent in other countries—is mainly due to the actual pecuniary interest involved in them in the form of official salaries.

A change so radical and thorough in the political practices of the country depends, of course, upon the public interest in it and the public approval of it. But the approval is very sure to follow the interest. No practical political question has made more rapid progress in general attention during the last seven years than that of a reform of the civil service. Sensible men are so weary of seeing the public service substantially put up at auction that they are most kindly inclined to a change which is at once so reasonable and efficient. The sneers of "practical politicians" are merely the cawing of crows. The same sneers, in precisely the same tone and with the same air of ridicule and superiority, have greeted every advantageous and wise step of progress that was ever made. Of course the sneers reduced to practice are a very serious impediment. Practical politics requires so much "machinery" and organization, and official patronage is so interwoven with it, that the opposition of political managers is an obstruction which no sensible man will contemn.

The reform, also, is not partisan. It promises no party an advantage, but, on the contrary, it requires of all parties a concession of that which to the most active party workers is more precious than principle. Moreover, if one party Administration should make a change, it could in no other way bind the Administration of another party than by the force of a great and incontestable public benefit. But there is no reason to suppose that the true friends of a reform will be less active and interested because they have already brought both great parties to declare for these principles. The fact that a candidate for the Presidency should write so admirable a letter upon the subject as that of Governor HAYES, which was in itself a platform of real reform, is one of the most striking proofs that the question has taken sure hold of the public mind, and no intelligent man can doubt that there will be no steps backward.

DEFECTS OF THE METHOD OF ELECTING THE PRESIDENT.

SENATOR MORTON has often, but in vain, called the attention of the Senate and of the country to the unsatisfactory condition of the provisions for the Presidential election. But the circumstances that have attended this election will force a decision. The defect is obvious, and it is to be remedied only by a spirit of patriotism and forbearance. The country should never again be exposed to the kind of uncertainty that filled the week after the late election, for recklessness under such circumstances may very easily produce mischief. The clause in the Constitution regarding the election of President has never been satisfactory, yet it was believed to be the one part of the Constitution that was entirely so. The *Federalist* says, "The mode of appointment of the Chief Magistrate is almost the only part of the system of any consequence which has escaped without severe censure, or which has received the slightest mark of approbation from its opponents." The merits were thought to be the selection in every State of a few electors of the highest character, none of whom should hold office under the government, and who should calmly discriminate among candidates. It was thought the danger of every kind of corruption would thus be avoided, while every unworthy candidate would be excluded. The electors were to vote for two candidates, and the one who had the highest number of votes was to be the President, and the other Vice-President.

The plan failed, and the Twelfth Amendment was adopted, which is the present provision. The electors, however, exercise no discretion, and so far as they are concerned, the votes might be cast for the candidates directly. The election of a President by the majority of the aggregate vote of all the people is sometimes proposed; but that would destroy the State basis, and expose the country to the inconvenience and possible peril of a wholly sectional election. This may, indeed, practically happen under the present system, but it is much more improbable. The State basis of the Presidential election is certainly wise; but as the object is to find a true representation of the sentiment of all the people, it would be better if the electors were chosen in the States, like Representatives, by districts. These are questions that Senator MORTON has considered in his report, and they should have had a very much more serious consideration from Congress than they have received. It would be a signal proof of the national folly if, with the chances that recent circumstances have impressed upon the minds of all sensible men, another session of Congress should pass without adequate action upon the whole subject of the Presidential election up to the declaration of the vote in Congress.

This last point, indeed, is the most pressing. As we have already shown, the present provisions are vague and loose to a dangerous degree. The law of 1792 requires that the Governor of each State shall cause three lists of the electors chosen to be made, and delivered to the electors before they meet. One of these is to be attached to each list of votes cast by them, and the two are to be sealed up and sent to the President of the Senate by a messenger. A duplicate is sent by mail, and a triplicate is delivered to the United States judge of the district in which the electors assemble. On the second Wednesday of February the certificates are to be opened by the President of the Senate in the presence of the Senate and House, and the votes are to be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, "shall be the President." That is all. There is no provision for objection. In 1857 the President of the Senate, a Democrat of the straitest sect—MASON, of Virginia—refused to hear an objection that was raised to the reception of the vote of Wisconsin, and ruled that nothing was in order but the counting of the votes. His decision was not questioned. But in 1865 a joint rule was adopted which permitted an objection to be entertained, and, upon a disagreement of the two Houses, allowed the vote of a State to be thrown out. This, however, is no longer in force. But it recognized the rejection by Congress of the vote of a State.

This is the present condition of the law, and it is to be dealt with in the most reasonable way. The original provision clearly contemplated no question by Congress of the Governor's return. In accordance with the jealousy of State rights which was so powerful in the Convention, the State itself was to settle every preliminary question, and transmit to the President of the Senate the simple record of its decision. The not improbable event of a contested return seems not to have been considered. This is unfortunate, because, as the system of Presidential election recognizes a majority of the electors and not of the voters as decisive, it might happen that the vote of a State which would determine the electoral majority against the popular majority might be in doubt from suspicion of fraud or inaccuracy. In 1857 Wisconsin had but four votes; and as BUCHANAN had 170 without them, and FREMONT and FILLMORE together only 121, the vote of Wisconsin could not have affected the result. But the adoption of the joint rule of 1865 showed the perception that some means must be devised to dispose of serious objections that might be raised to the admission of a return from any State.

If the result of the late election should depend upon the vote of Louisiana, it is certainly worth while to reflect what course should be adopted if objection were made to its reception in Congress. It is hardly wise to assume that no objection could be made or would be made. It is very possible that it might be made by either party, and good sense and statesmanship demand that there should be readiness for such a contingency. No honest citizen of any party wishes the President to be "counted in" by fraud; and if eminent and trustworthy men of all parties should be of opinion that suspicion of fraud justly attached to a return which would decide the election, it would be very unwise to proceed as if no such suspicion existed. There will be ample time to provide for the contingency, should there be any prospect of it at the opening of the votes in February; and if happily there should be no such prospect, it would be criminal—we might say treasonable—folly in Congress not to unite, as intelligent men who mean to prove the perfect practicability of free popular government, in some method which would dispose of the difficulty whenever it should appear.

THE LESSON OF THE DAY.

THE late election shows that dissatisfaction in a party must be heeded, or disaster is sure to follow. Whatever the actual result may be, there is no question that the Republican party has received a severe rebuke, which it must lay to heart. The reasons of the general result we stated last week, as we understand them. But among them none is more conspicuous than Republican distrust. There are undoubtedly thousands of Republicans who voted for TILDEN as a protest against certain Republican men and measures, and as a warning to the party to take care. This action seems to us, under the circumstances, to have been most unwise, and certainly full of danger. It arose from a misapprehension of the real situation, and from a wholly false logic and theory of the results of Democratic success. Nothing could be more unreasonable on the part of any intelligent citizen than the supposition that the Democratic party would accomplish reform because the Republican had not achieved it to the degree that such voter desired. Had the only question been what is called reform, without any other complication, then, indeed, it might have been justly said that the Republicans having failed, the Democrats must be called in. But very much more than "reform" was involved in the election, and the Republicans of whom we speak should have seen that an administration elected by such an alliance as that by which alone Mr. TILDEN could be chosen was a very grave peril not only to reform, but to the national welfare, and that their true policy was, in voting for Governor HAYES, to sustain that reform element in the Republican party of which he is the representative.

But long before this election the Republican party should have heeded the protest which these seceding Republicans made. Mr. MORTON said in the Presidential Convention of 1872 that the party was stronger than any man in it. He meant stronger than Mr. SUMNER or those who sympathized with him. But how long will a party remain stronger than any man in it, while it goes on parting with its SUMNERS and their friends? Mr. SUMNER'S conduct seemed to us injudicious, and he never admitted that he was other than a Republican. But it would certainly have been wiser, more politic, more "practical," if the Republican chiefs had seen that such alienations must be prevented, and that they could be prevented in one way only, and that was by heeding the counsels and the warnings of such Republicans. We trust the integrity and patriotism of the President entirely, and his manly good sense was shown in his recent orders to General SHERMAN in regard to Louisiana. But his clinging to SHEPHERD and BABCOCK, and the kind of official Republican applause that hailed BABCOCK'S acquittal, alienated and disturbed hosts of Republicans, and certainly attracted no one in their places. So, also, the abandonment of the practical effort for reform of the civil service thinned the Republican ranks and sensibly weakened the party. The Republicans of the Seventh District in Massachusetts dealt the party a terrible blow when they nominated General BUTLER to Congress. And if General BUTLER should be permitted to lead the Republicans in the next House, the effect upon the party would be very visible and very lamentable. The cry that he will "stir up the rebel brigadiers" is simply stupid. If that is the function of the Republican party, no wonder that the result of the election is so mortifying.

These are all single incidents, but each one of them is the last feather that breaks a thousand backs, and the aggregate at last breaks down a party. They would have been avoided, and the party would have escaped the rebuke of defeat, or of victory by a bare majority, if the "people who make trouble" had been heeded. It is they who must now be heard in the conduct of the party. The Republican organization is that by which, under existing circumstances, the real progress and welfare of the country are to be secured. But the condition of its continued efficiency, whether in administration or in opposition, is independence of such leaders as General BUTLER, and trust in the patriotic good sense and intelligence of the Republican sentiment that repudiates such leaders. Every Republican journal and every member of the party that feels this to be true must say so frankly. There must be the plainest criticism of measures and men. We have ourselves been accused of timid shirkings and violations of duty. And if this be true of a journal that has not hesitated to differ and criticise and protest, not indeed as a Democrat or Democratic-Independent, but as a Republican, it is evident that there is great room for improvement. The best sentiment of the country is behind the Republican party, and it is the paramount duty of those who gladly call themselves Republicans to take care that that sentiment is embodied in Republican policy and measures. Had this been always done, our success in this election would have been signal. Close analysis of the result shows, not that we have wholly lost the confidence of that sentiment, but that it has given a significant warning.

ELECTIONS AND FRAUDS.

THE political situation has naturally led to a great deal of discussion of the method of the Presidential election, and the suggestion has been often made that election directly by the people would be preferable. We allude to this proposition elsewhere, but it deserves more detailed consideration. In the sense in which it is suggested, namely, that a majority of the popular vote should elect the President, it would be the most formidable step ever taken toward the overthrow of the State basis of our system of government. Our government is not one of the numerical majority. It is founded upon States. Each State, Delaware and Colorado as well as New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio, has two Senators—an equality of representation. And when the choice of President falls upon the House of Representatives, it is decided not by a majority of members, but of States. This is the principle that underlies the whole system, and if it should be abandoned in the election of President, its abandonment in the Senate would soon follow. No adequate reason could well be assigned for it that could be of so great weight as the objection. The destruction of the equality of the States would lead to the practical absorption of power by a few of the great States, and a discontent and jealousy which on every account are to be deprecated.

There are, however, good reasons for modifying the details of the present system without touching the principle. Retaining the State basis, the district electors might be chosen in the different districts, and the electors at large by the whole State. This would be a modification in strict analogy with the existing system, while it would secure a fairer representation of the opinion of the people. Something of this kind, if we remember correctly, was proposed by Mr. MORTON, and there is no subject which has more pressing claims upon the immediate action of Congress. Any such modification of the manner of choosing electors would not, of course, affect such a situation as that in Louisiana and South Carolina; for whatever the form in which the vote shall be cast, there must always be some final authority to declare it officially. In most of the States the final returning board is merely ministerial. But in Louisiana and Florida and Texas the law gives the returning officers revisory powers. This is unwise, because the canvass of the vote can usually be more securely intrusted to the community in which it is thrown, and because there is a remedy in every case but that of the electors.

For all legislative offices the Legislature itself is the final judge of the qualifications of its members, and for executive offices there is the writ of *quo warranto*. But if electors be fraudulently returned, there seems to be no present remedy at law, although there is always the political redress. Thus in Louisiana the board has undoubted revisory power. But if it should exercise it wrongfully, it would be very difficult to find any practical and efficient bar in time to prevent the action of the electors returned under the forms of law. As for the counting of returns by officers who are themselves candidates, and who therefore canvass the votes in which they have so deep a personal interest, it is not unusual, and so long as the function of the board is wholly ministerial, the risk is small. In the State of New York, at this very time, both Mr. ROBINSON and Mr. DORSHEIMER are members of the board, and will canvass the votes thrown for them respectively as Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. But they have no revisory power, and if they had, they would not be distrusted. A more satisfactory method, however, would be a board wholly independent of personal interest in the result.

The excitement of the last month should but confirm the resolution of the people and the press that the whole subject shall be reviewed, and the friction which experience has developed shall be allayed. It is a thousandfold better to acquiesce in a fraudulent result obtained under the undoubted forms of law, when we hold the substantial political remedy in our hands, than to seek to correct the wrong lawlessly. That is the difference between an orderly republic and anarchy. The American doctrine of revolution is not a resort to force when wrong has been done, but only when wrong has been done without hope of redress. There is no possible wrong that can be done in counting and reporting the returns of the late election for which the ballot is not a better remedy than any other conceivable. The late war sprang from the decision not to abide by the ballot. Certainly it was not a wise decision.

A CORRECTION.

A LEGEND on the background of one of Mr. NAST'S cartoons, published in *Harper's Weekly* for November 11, conveyed the assertion that Major W. H. QUINCY, who read the resolutions at the Democratic mass-meeting held in this city November 2, had been a gate-keeper at Andersonville. The charge was based upon a paragraph which had appeared in several newspapers in this city and elsewhere; and when the cartoon was drawn, Mr. NAST was not aware that it had been contradicted. We are now in receipt of information which proves that the paragraph referred to had no foundation in fact, Major QUINCY having never held a position at Andersonville in any capacity whatever; and we cheerfully express our regret at having been inadvertently led into doing the gentleman injustice.

The following letters have been furnished us by Major QUINCY:

LETTER FROM MAJOR BRIDGFORD.

NEW YORK, *October* 4, 1876.

Major William H. Quincy:

DEAR MAJOR,—I notice in the papers that you have been accused of having had charge of Confederate prisons during the war. I can cheerfully state that there is not a particle of truth in the whole statement. As Provost-Marshal of General "Stonewall" JACKSON'S corps and General R. E. LEE'S army up to the surrender at Appomattox Court-house, I know that during the entire war you served as a staff officer of JENKINS'S (afterward BRATTON'S) Brigade, FEELD'S Division, LONGSTREET'S Army Corps, and I assert positively that you were never, directly or indirectly, in any shape, manner, or form, connected with a prison of any kind or character whatever, but that you served the entire time in the field, and surrendered at Appomattox Court-house with General LEE'S command at its close. And I am fully satisfied that hundreds of brave and magnanimous United States officers, whose duty it was to meet you on the field of battle, would most cheerfully add their testimony to mine if required, as many have already expressed not only a willingness, but a desire to do, as an act of justice, and in the interest of truth and fair dealing.

I am your friend,
(Signed) D. B. BRIDGFORD,
Formerly Provost-Marshal Army Northern Va.

LETTER FROM GENERAL JOHN E. MULFORD.

NEW YORK, *October* 3, 1876.

Major W. H. Quincy, City Hall, New York:

DEAR MAJOR,—Having this day had my attention called to a newspaper paragraph which is being somewhat extensively circulated for partisan purposes, in which it is alleged you were a keeper at the Andersonville prison, and intimating that you were in a degree responsible for many of the cruelties inflicted upon *Federal prisoners of war* confined there, and as my official relations with this question enable me to speak *authoritatively* on the subject, I deem it a *simple matter of justice* to you to improve this early occasion to state that I am, from my own personal knowledge of the facts through my official capacity obtained and possessed, able to pronounce this allegation an *unfounded slander upon you*, and I am farther able to state that you were in no wise connected with the charge of Confederate prisons, nor with the care of prisoners during the late war.

With sincere regards, I am your friend,
(Signed) GENERAL JOHN E. MULFORD,
Late U. S. Ag't for Exch. of Prisoners.

PERSONAL.

AMONG the claims passed at a meeting of the directors of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company, of this city, on the 15th ult., was one of $2000 for policy on the life of the late Speaker of the United States House of Representatives. The policy was taken out about twenty years ago. There were also policies on Mr. KERR'S life in other companies amounting to about $6000, thus giving to his family the comfortable sum of $8000.

—The Rev. Dr. STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jun., knows how and when to hit nails on the head. A few Sundays since he told the women of his church that he needed $4000 for the church orphanage, and if they would buy one-button gloves instead of the three-button arrangement, the difference in price would support the establishment. At the close of the sermon the twenty children of the orphanage were introduced on the platform, Dr. T. dramatically holding the youngest in his arms as they sung a hymn. The collection plates were loaded. Dr. TYNG said in his sermon that in the more crowded districts of New York there were 200,000 people to the square mile, or 120,000 more than were packed in the same space in any part of London. More than seventy-five per cent. of the mortality in these tenement-houses was of children.

—During the Centennial those who were investigators in educational and religious matters went in considerable numbers to look into the practical working of that unique institution, Girard College. The most objectionable of poisons to the founder of that institution was a parson, so in his will it was provided that no clergyman should enter there. The rule, however, was not strictly enforced during the Centennial, and ministers went in and out like common sinners, no questions being asked. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the five hundred fatherless children in the college have no religious instruction. Although ecclesiastics are excluded, religion is not. Two services are held in the chapel daily; two lay sermons are preached on the Lord's Day; a Bible service is held in the evening; a Sunday-school is vigorously kept up; and a new and elegant chapel is in the process of erection to meet increased exigencies. Probably all this is not exactly what old Mr. G. intended, but it is perhaps as nearly right as could be managed and hold the property.

—DETAILLE, the best battle painter of the day, is a boyish fellow, only twenty-seven, with hazel eyes and rosy face. His drawing-room in Paris is furnished in Japanese style.

—Mr. OSCANYAN, late consul-general of Turkey in this city, is to have a seat in the new Senate about to be formed by the Turkish government, as one of the representatives of the Armenians, who are to have ten members in that body. Mr. OSCANYAN was not long since elected a member of the National Assembly of the Armenians.

—The Crown Prince of Germany has come into the republic of letters as a writer on Egypt. He has written a narrative entitled *My Journey to the Land of the East in* 1869. Only forty copies were printed, which were distributed among those persons who were his traveling companions on the occasion.

—The London *Graphic* of October 28 contains admirable pictures of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS and Mr. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, who were Honorary Commissioners from Great Britain to the Centennial Exhibition. It also very justly says that "Mr. CHILDS, well known from his hospitality to all visitors to the Quaker City, is a truly representative man, and the architect of his own fortunes. Most of our own leading men who have visited America of late years have met with a hearty welcome at Mr. CHILDS'S Philadelphia or Long Branch residence, while during this year of excitement his house has been a cosmopolitan rallying-point. Among other acts showing Mr. CHILDS'S good-will toward the 'mother country' may be mentioned the fact of his erecting a memorial window in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, to the memory of GEORGE HERBERT and WILLIAM COWPER, and the presentation of a valuable cup as the prize for the International University Boat-Race at the Schuylkill Regatta. From the above it will be seen that his selection by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon as an Honorary British Commissioner is a graceful recognition of his many claims to British good-will."

—The Philadelphia *Press* thinks that King AHASUERUS organized the first national exhibition, quoting from the first chapter of Esther to prove the point: "In the third year of his reign [about 519 years before Christ] he made a feast unto all his princes and his servants; the power of Persia and Media, the nobles and princes of the provinces, being before him: when he showed the riches of his glorious kingdom and the honor of his excellent majesty many days, even a hundred and fourscore days." The *Press* grows enthusiastic over the fact that AHASUERUS'S exhibition was kept open 180 days, precisely the duration of the Centennial, but the *Press* is deficient in failing to give the verdict of old man AHASUERUS'S juries upon the pianos, sewing-machines, steam-engines, and rifles of *his* exhibition.

—Mr. PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON, one of the rising young poets of England, is a son of Dr. WESTLAND MARSTON, the dramatist. He is only twenty-six years old, and has already published two volumes of delicately imaginative and beautiful verse. He has been blind since his third year, but he excels in description of nature. He has a devoted sister, who is his amanuensis. He is tall and slight, and his large brown eyes, though sightless, are very expressive.

—The memory of ANDREW JOHNSON still survives in Tennessee. A gentleman writing from Greenville, the former home of the ex-President, says: "The veritable tailor's shop is standing, and may be seen by any visitor. Mine host worked with ANDY on the bench. Mr. JOHNSON'S old home, a plain and simple structure bearing the impress of time, is on a retired street. The house in which Mr. JOHNSON lived when he first came to Tennessee is a small one-story frame, twelve by fourteen feet, two doors and one window. His tailor's shop was much the same kind of a structure, with a plain board sign, without border, two and one-half feet long and eighteen inches wide, blackish base, with yellowish-red letters, 'A. JOHNSON, Tailor.' The house in which he last lived is a very plain but neat two-story, with a two-story wing running from one end. His son now occupies the home. Crape hangs on the door knob yet."

—The late Judge BELLOWS, of St. Albans, Vermont, bequeathed $100,000 in government bonds to establish a college at St. Albans, and gave his homestead as a site for the institution. Whenever the accumulated interest of the bonds shall equal the principal, $50,000 are to be used to change the house into a suitable college building, and the remaining $150,000 are to become a permanent endowment.

—Dean STANLEY thus explains why the term "blue" was originally applied to Presbyterians: "The distinct dress of the Scotch Presbyterian clergy was a blue gown and a broad blue bonnet. The Episcopal clergy, on the contrary, either wore no distinctive dress in public services, or else wore a black gown. From this arose the contrasting epithets of 'Black Prelacy' and the 'Blue Presbyterians.'"

—Concerning chairs and makers thereof, it may be mentioned that SETH CARLIN, a renowned California hunter and trapper, is not to be spoken of with levity, for, lo! he hath made unique chairs for several of the Presidents of the United States. He presented BUCHANAN with a chair made of elk horns and hoofs in 1856, and gave ABRAHAM LINCOLN a similar one in 1864. ANDREW JOHNSON was the recipient of a chair made of grizzly skins and claws. During a recent visit to the Centennial Exposition, SETH called on Governor HAYES at Columbus, Ohio, and presented him with a chair similar to the LINCOLN and BUCHANAN chairs—of elk horns and hoofs, with a grizzly robe covering. He has another chair similar to the ANDREW JOHNSON chair in store for the President elect, only it has the addition of a grizzly's ferocious head cunningly concealed underneath the seat, which, by touching a spring in the rear of the chair, is thrown forward, the jaws snap viciously two or three times, when it returns to its place of concealment. This interesting little ornament SETH thinks his old friend HAYES is going to get.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT the time of this writing there are no decisive election dispatches from the three disputed States. The Louisiana Returning Board began the canvass of the votes November 18, with five members of each political party as witnesses of the count. Ex-Senator Osborne telegraphs the Republican National Committee that Florida is "all right." In South Carolina the Supreme Court has virtually taken possession of the election returns, and the Board of Canvassers are proceeding with the count in a merely ministerial capacity, under an order of the court, and the main questions will be argued when this count is finished. Tilden's majority in New York State is 32,014.

Reports to the Department of Agriculture indicate that the season has been extremely favorable for gathering cotton, except in some portions of North Carolina. Frost has injured the top crop in the northern belt, notably in Arkansas. The fibre is cleaner than usual, and of superior quality in the southern belt. Drought in the Gulf States, rain-storms in the Carolinas, the boll-worm in the southwest, and the caterpillar in certain locations near the Gulf coast are chief causes of injury to the crop. The harvest will be completed at a much earlier date than usual.

During the ten months ending November 1, 62,555 immigrants arrived at the port of New York, of whom 18,891 were Germans, 9724 Irish, 7894 English, and 5041 Russians.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE British sailing vessel *City of Manchester*, formerly the Inman steamer of the same name, was wrecked recently off the coast of India, while on a voyage from Liverpool for Calcutta.

In the Spanish Congress, November 15, the Minister of the Interior introduced a bill restoring the electoral law formerly prevalent in Spain. This bill abolishes universal suffrage, establishes voting by departments, and grants suffrage only to persons paying a certain amount of taxes, and to members of certain professions.

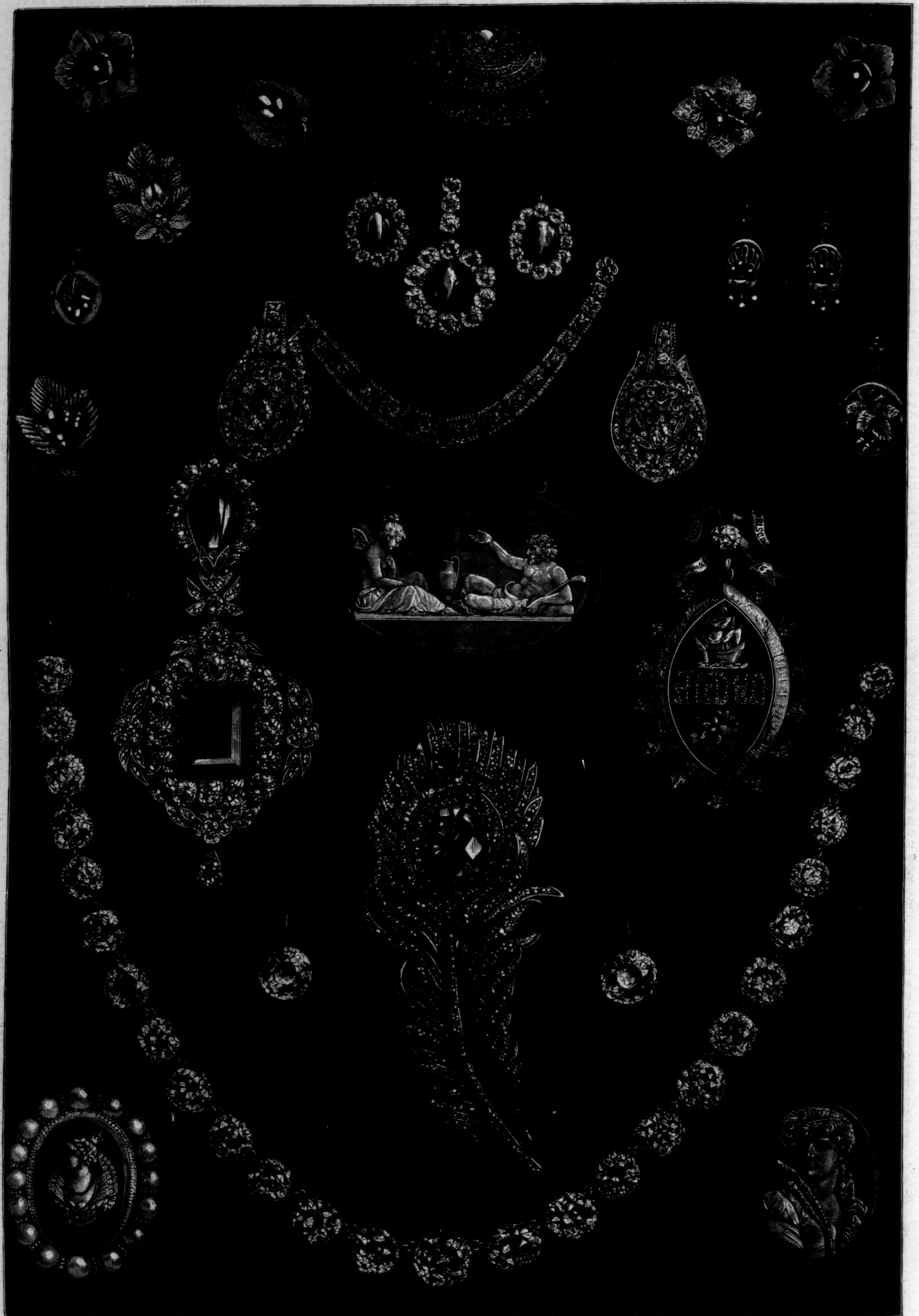
It is said that the Porte, in view of a winter campaign, intends to keep 40,000 men in Montenegro and Herzegovina, 40,000 on the borders of Greece, and 80,000 to watch Servia. The London *Pall Mall Gazette* says that it believes Russia intends war. She is prepared to insist upon claims which she believes the Porte will refuse, and is getting ready to impose them by force. "The situation," it says, "is but little different from what it would be if for the word 'armistice' the words 'Russian demands of reform' were submitted, and the Ignatieff ultimatum thus modified were still lying before the Porte."

An imperial order was promulgated, on the 15th, prohibiting the export of horses from Western and Southern Russia.

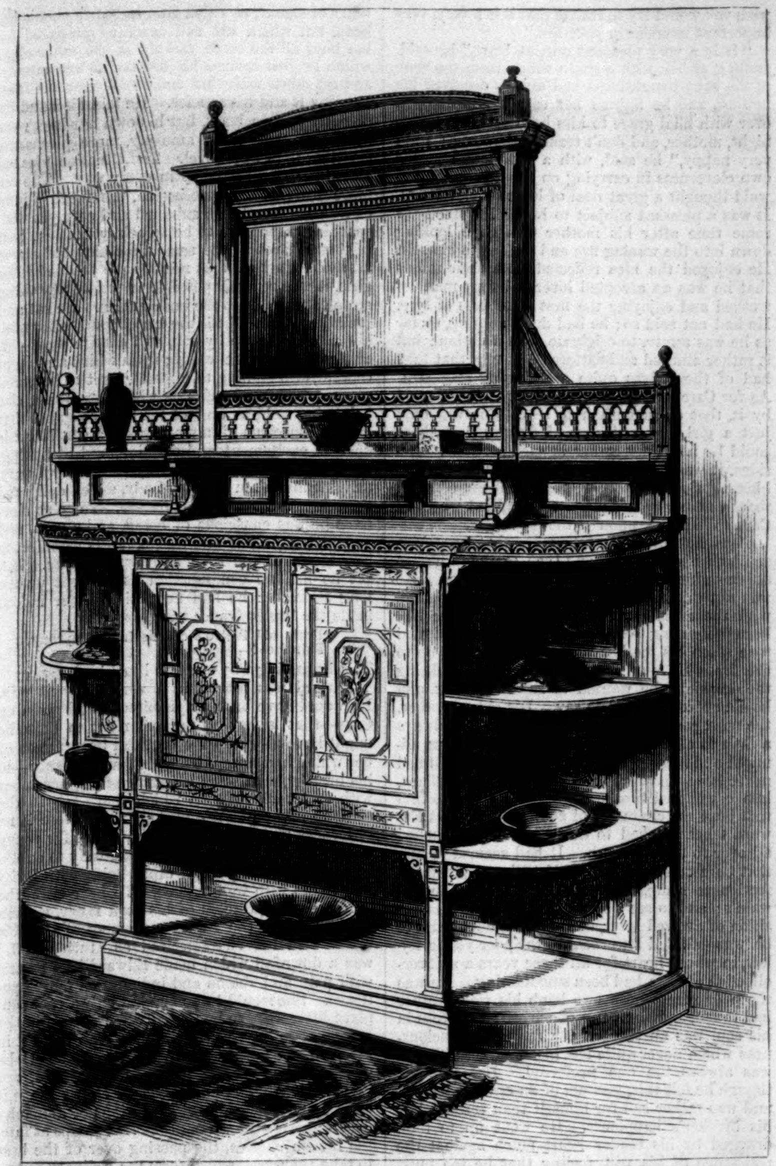
Great activity prevails in the Woolwich Arsenal. An imperative order was issued, on the 15th, that the production of rifle ball-cartridges be increased to 2,000,000 per week. The usual quantity manufactured is 500,000 weekly.

The London *Financier*, speaking of the situation, says: "England's object is not to participate in a war between Turkey and Russia—who may fight out their quarrel whether in Asia or Europe—but to protect Constantinople and the Dardanelles from seizure by Russia. England would simply hold Constantinople in pledge temporarily on behalf of the other powers and the world at large. As soon as a neutral state was formed on the Bosphorus, or such other arrangement effected as Europe may ultimately determine upon for the wardenship of the Dardanelles, England would willingly withdraw. Thus the ministerial policy is perfectly clear and free from further entanglement. It has a distinct object of vital importance to British interests, and beyond that object the government will not go."

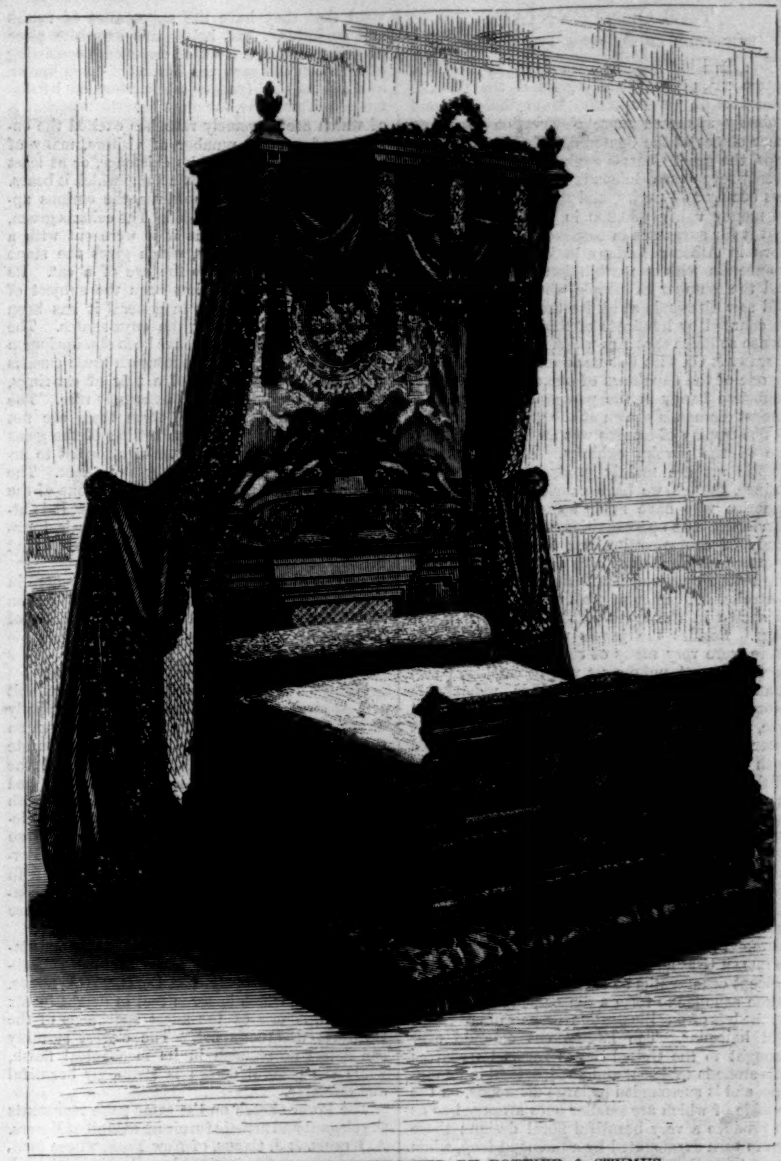
The Captain-General of Cuba has issued a proclamation offering pardon to all deserters who are actually in the ranks of the enemy, if they surrender themselves to the proper authorities. All deserters captured after December 31 will be shot.



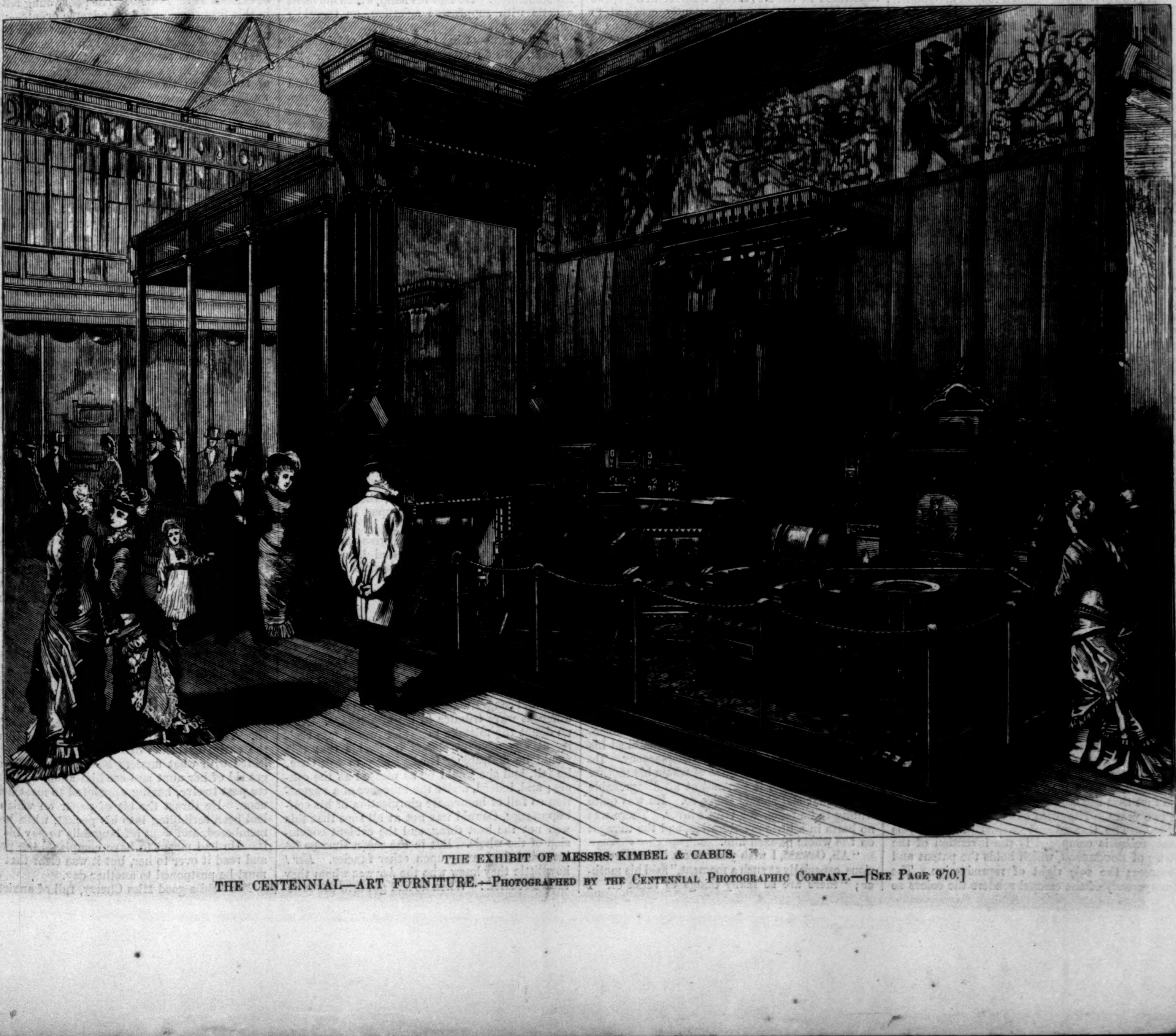
THE CENTENNIAL—DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY.—Photographed by the Centennial Photographic Company.—[See Page 970.]



SATIN-WOOD CABINET, EXHIBITED BY COLLINSON & LOCK.



AMARANTH BEDSTEAD, EXHIBITED BY POTTIER & STYMUS.



THE EXHIBIT OF MESSRS. KIMBEL & CABUS.

THE CENTENNIAL—ART FURNITURE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 970.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

EXHIBITION OF DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY.

The diamond necklace prominent in our illustration on page 968 was a part of the Tiffany collection of jewels in the Main Building, and probably attracted more observation than any other object at the Centennial, if we except, perhaps, the great Corliss engine. It is formed of twenty-seven rare Golconda diamonds of matchless beauty and purity, and the mere mention of its money value ($80,000 in gold) tells at once that it far surpasses in costliness any jewel ever worn in America. Many incidents occurred in connection with the exhibition of these jewels, and the number of people who at the Centennial saw diamonds at all for the first time might be counted by hundreds of thousands. The immense solitaire ear-rings which were exhibited by Tiffany & Co. with this necklace were purchased by one of the daughters of our own land, who is doubtless happy in the possession of the handsomest diamonds shown at the great Exhibition.

The display of cameos was an interesting feature of the jewelry exhibits. These works of glyptic art are mainly produced in Italy and France, though we have cameo cutters here in America who have made some very creditable carvings. The opportunities for prosecuting the study of cameo-cutting are, however, so much greater in Europe than here that almost the only work done by our artists is the carving of cameo portraits. A cameo portrait of Queen Elizabeth is shown in the lower left-hand corner of the page. Besides the jewels we have illustrated, there were very many of remarkable rarity and perfection. A unique set was of cats'-eyes surrounded by diamonds. Another remarkable brooch contained two precious opals of unusual size, and with a play of red and green colors not often seen. The opal has always been regarded with peculiar interest, and there is an old legend of the East telling how the fires that glow within it grow pale if the love of the giver wanes. The opal is really the only precious stone of which no imitation can be attempted with a chance of success, for it has no fixed appearance, but glows with the ever-changing hues of the rainbow.

Among the gems displayed in the Main Building, one of the most attractive, owing to the size and beauty of its emeralds, is the emerald and diamond tiara exhibited in the British section by William Gibson, of Belfast, Ireland. This magnificent ornament is so constructed that it can be taken asunder to form a pin or pendant—shown on the left of our illustration—a pair of ear-rings, and hair-pins. The largest cut emerald ever brought to the United States forms its centre; this stone is table-cut and quadrilateral in its outline, and is surrounded by large diamonds, on the outside of which are smaller ones arranged so as to produce a very beautiful floral design; these are in turn surmounted by a diamond loop, while from them, beneath, a large-sized carbuncle-cut emerald hangs pendent within a loop of diamonds. This portion of the tiara may be worn either as pin or pendant, from which the upper loop and lower pendant can be detached at pleasure.

The ear-rings are similar in design to the part already described, except that the pendant, being here superfluous, is dispensed with, and a solitaire diamond top takes the place of the upper loop; the emeralds, too, are somewhat smaller; these are connected with the central portion, and are flanked on the outside by diamond fleurs-de-lis, which latter can be converted into hair-pins. The entire suit, thus forming a variety of beautiful ornaments, is most artistic and elegant both in design and workmanship; the stones, which are remarkably well matched, are simply superb, the diamonds being of the first water, and the emeralds not only of extraordinary size, but of unusually fine color and lustre.

From the exhibit of Messrs. Starr & Marcus we give, on the same page, an exquisite cameo in red sard, representing "Pan educating Psyche." To the right of this hangs the "Alden Jewel," executed for a direct descendant of the John Alden who courted the beautiful Puritan maiden, Priscilla. The material is a piece of Plymouth Rock, which is fine in grain and color, and susceptible of a delicate polish. On the obverse of this ornament is a representation in gold of the old Pilgrim ship, the name of Alden, and a sprig of May-flowers. When the obverse is shown, the ornament is suspended from a catch in the form of a true-lover's-knot, relieved by a diamond. The reverse presents the Centennial record, and two obelisks in gold to commemorate ancestors who were killed during the Revolutionary war—one at the massacre of Wyoming, the other fighting bravely at Stony Point under "Mad" Anthony Wayne. Between these obelisks gleams the symbol of the Revolutionary order of the Cincinnati. This side is to be presented depending from a catch which represents the old bell of 1776, with a diamond clapper. Appropriate ear-rings have been made to accompany the locket. At the lower right-hand corner of the page is shown an exquisite cameo portrait of the Empress Josephine of France, also from the collection of Messrs. Starr & Marcus.

The specimens of jewelry exhibited by M. Boucheron, of Paris, were at the same time masterpieces of good taste and of novelty. The small *bonbonnière* (receptacle for candy) shown at the top of our engraving is as remarkable for its diminutive proportions as for its graceful outlines. It is executed in transparent enamel. It has been the admiration of all connoisseurs and artists interested in this style of work. This small jewel gains incredible artistic value from the fact that the labor upon it occupied a period of two years. The price has risen to the sum of $2000. The transparent enamel of which this *bonbonnière* is composed is the invention of the house of Boucheron, which holds the patent and possesses the sole right of reproduction. The transparency of the enamel renders the colors so vivid that they have the appearance of rubies and emeralds. Just below this exquisite piece of workmanship is a set of ornaments consisting of a brooch and ear-rings formed of opals known as *l'œil du chat* (cats'-eyes) surrounded by diamonds. This stone, the more beautiful specimens of which are extremely rare, has excited the curiosity of a large number of visitors, many of whom were ignorant of its existence, or at least unfamiliar with the fantastic name which it bears. On close examination, however, the curious appellation seems fully justified. The color is green, and the centre seems as if it were cut with a perpendicular white ray, which gives the stone a curious resemblance to the eye of a cat. Its classification, however, has been the subject of much discussion, though in general it has been accorded a place among the onyx-agates. The most beautiful specimens have been obtained upon the island of Ceylon. Underneath these curious gems is represented one of a pair of ear-rings, the design of which is also extremely rare. The diamond ornaments which form them are not only very beautiful, but the setting of the gems must have required the hand of an artist to arrange them with such delicacy and effect. The ornament which accompanies them is one of the latest expressions of Parisian fantasy. It is attached to the ear and winds over the hair, forming a diamond garland of wonderful style and brilliancy.

The small specimens of jewelry represented in the upper corner of our engraving are of Russian manufacture, and are remarkable for delicacy of finish and grace of form.

FURNITURE EXHIBITS.

Messrs. Pottier & Stymus, of this city, exhibit a most elegant bedstead, constructed principally of amaranth wood, a picture of which is given on page 969. It is remarkable for the elaborate richness of its carved ornamentation, and the depth and beauty of the inlaid work. The bed furnishing is of yellow satin, embroidered with silk in various colors. The space where this elegant piece of furniture was displayed was so thronged by admiring visitors that Messrs. Pottier & Stymus were obliged to protect it with ropes, and all except a favored few had to content themselves with viewing it from a distance by the aid of magnifying-glasses.

On the same page will be found the representation of a very elegant and artistic satin-wood cabinet, constructed by Messrs. Collinson & Locke. The cabinet, which is seven feet in height by six in width, is one of the finest specimens of the furniture designer's art. The closest scrutiny can detect no blemish in its mechanical finish, while the general design is strikingly beautiful and effective.

The lower sketch on the same page represents the elegant and artistic furniture exhibit of Messrs. A. Kimbel & J. Cabus, of New York, whose modern drawing-rooms and modern Gothic sideboard, illustrated in the November number of *Harper's Magazine*, were there inadvertently credited to Messrs. Pottier & Stymus. The exhibit, as a glance at our engraving will show, was one of rare design and excellent finish.

(Continued from No. 1038, page 931.)

CARITÀ.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Meredith, "I see what you are thinking of. You are young to settle in life, and about means there might be some difficulty; but to see you happy I would make any sacrifice. Nothing is so important as to make a good choice, which you have done, thank God. That goes beyond every prudential consideration. Nothing else matters in comparison;" and as she said this tears stood in her soft eyes. It was a long speech for Mrs. Meredith. Oswald had come back to the drawing-room in a loose jacket, with some lingering odor of his cigar about him, to bid his mother good-night. She was standing by the mantel-piece, with her candle in her hand, while he stood close by looking down into the fire, caressing the down, scarcely developed into a mustache, on his upper lip, and thus hiding a conscious smile.

"So you think my choice a good one, mother?" he said, with a laugh.

Mrs. Meredith did not think him truly serious enough for such a serious moment; but then how useless it is to go on contending with people because they will not feel as you think proper to every emergency. After all, a man must act according to his nature. The easy man can not be made restless, nor the light-hearted solemn. This was Mrs. Meredith's philosophy. But she gave a little sigh, as she had often done, to the frivolity of her elder son. It was late, and the fire had burned down low upon the hearth—one of the lamps had burned out—the room was dimmer than usual; in a corner Edward sat reading the morning newspaper, rather glum, silent, and sad. Oswald, who had come in in a very pleasant disposition, as indeed he generally was, smoothed his young mustache with great complacency. He saw at once that it was Cara of whom his mother was thinking, and it was not at all disagreeable to him that she should think so. He was quite willing to be taken for Cara's lover. There was no harm in a little mystification, and the thought on the whole pleased him.

"Ah, Oswald, I wish you were a little more serious, especially at such a moment," said his mother; "there are so many things to think of. I wish you would try to realize that it is a very, very important moment in your life."

"It is a very pleasant one, at least," he said, smiling at her, with a smile which from the time of his baby naughtiness had always deceived his mother, and he lighted her candle and stooped over with filial grace to kiss her cheek. "Good-night, mother, and don't trouble about me: I am very happy," he said, with a half laugh at his own cleverness in carrying on his delusion. Oswald thought a great deal of his own cleverness. It was a pleasant subject to him. He stood for some time after his mother was gone looking down into the waning fire and smiling to himself. He enjoyed the idea reflected from their minds that he was an accepted lover, a happy man betrothed and enjoying the first sweetness of love. He had not said so; he had done nothing, so far as he was aware, to originate such a notion; but it rather amused and flattered him now that they had of themselves quite gratuitously started it. As for Cara herself being displeased or annoyed by it, that did not occur to him. She was only just a girl, not a person of dignity, and there could be no injury to her in such a report. Besides, it was not his doing. He was no way to blame. Poor dear little Cara! if it did come to that, a man was not much to be pitied who had Cara to fall back upon at the last.

Thus he stood musing, with that conscious smile on his face, now and then casting a glance at himself in the mirror on the mantel-piece. He was not thinking of his brother, who sat behind with the same book in his hands that he had been pretending to read all the evening. Edward rose when his mother was gone and came up to the fire. He was no master of words befitting the occasion; he wanted to say something, and he did not know what to say. His elder brother, the most popular of the two—he who was always a little in advance of Edward in every thing, admired and beloved and thought of as Edward had never been—how was the younger, less brilliant, less considered brother to say any thing to him that bore the character of advice? And yet Edward's heart ached to do so. His heart ached all over to tell the truth. It had seemed to him that Cara confided in himself, believed in his affectionate sympathy more than she did in Oswald's; and to see Oswald in the triumphant position of avowed lover, as they all thought him to be, was gall and bitterness to the poor young fellow, in whose heart for all these years a soft recollection of Cara had been smouldering. He was the poor man whose ewe lamb his rich brother had taken, and the pang of surprised distress in his soul was all the bitterer for that consciousness which never quite left his mind, that Oswald was always the one preferred. But Edward, though he felt this, was not of an envious nature, and was rather sad for himself than resentful of his brother's happiness. He went up to him, dragged by his tender heart much against the resistance of his will, feeling that he too must say something. He laid his hand, which quivered a little with suppressed agitation, on Oswald's shoulder.

"I don't know what to say to you, old fellow," he said, with an attempt at an easy tone. "I needn't wish you happiness, for you've got it."

In spite of himself Oswald laughed. He had a school-boy's delight in mystification, and somehow a sense of Edward's disappointment came in, and gave him a still greater perception of the joke. Not that he wished to hurt Edward, but to most men who know nothing of love, there is so much of the ridiculous involved, even in a disappointment, that the one who is heart-whole may be deliberately cruel without any such intention. "Oh yes, I am happy enough," he said, looking round at his brother, who, for his part, could not meet his eyes.

"I hope you won't mind what I am going to say to you?" said Edward. "I am not so light-hearted a fellow as you are, and that makes me, perhaps, notice others. Oswald, look here; *she* is not so light-hearted as you are, either. She wants taking care of. She is very sensitive, and feels many things that perhaps you would not feel. Don't be vexed. I thought I would just say this once for all—and there is no good thing I don't wish you," cried Edward, concluding abruptly, to cover the little break in his voice.

"You needn't look so glum about it, Ned," said his brother. "I don't mean to be turned off to-morrow. We shall have time to mingle our tears on various occasions before then. Mamma and you have a way of jumping at conclusions. As for *her*—"

"I don't like slang on such a subject," said Edward, hotly. "Never mind; there are some things we should never agree upon if we talked till doomsday. Good-night."

"Good-night, old man, and I wish you a better temper—unless you'll come and have another cigar first," said Oswald, with cheerful assurance. "My mind is too full for sleep."

"Your mind is full of—"

"Her, of course," said Oswald, with a laugh; and he went down stairs whistling the air of Fortunio's song—

"Je vais mourir pour ma mie,
Sans la nommer."

He was delighted with the mistake which mystified every body, and awakened envies and regrets and congratulations, which were all in their different ways tributes to his importance. And no doubt the mistake might be turned into reality at any moment should he decide that this would be desirable. He had only to ask Cara, he felt, and she would be as pleased as the others; and, indeed, under the influence of a suggestion so full of immediate glorification of his self-importance, Oswald was not at all sure that this was not the best thing, and the evident conclusion of the whole. But in the mean time he let his mind float away upon other fancies. *Her!* how little they knew who the *her* was whom they thus discussed! When he had got into the sanctuary of smoke, at which Mrs. Meredith shook her head, but which she had carefully prepared for her boys all the same, Oswald lit the other cigar which he had invited his brother to accompany, and sat down with that smile still upon his face, to enjoy it and his fancies. He laid his hand indolently upon a book, but his own musings were at the moment more amusing, more pleasantly exciting, than any novel. The situation pleased and stimulated his fancy in every way. The demure little school procession, the meek young conventual beauty, so subdued and soft, yet with sparkles responsive to be struck out of her, half frightened, yet at the same time elevated above all the eloquences that might have assailed other girls, it was scarcely possible to realize any thing more captivating to the imagination. He sat and dreamed over it all till the small hours after midnight sounded one by one, and his fire went out, and he began to feel chilly; upon which argument Oswald, still smiling to himself, went to bed, well pleased with his fancies as with every thing else belonging to him; and all the better pleased that he felt conscious of having roused a considerable deal of excitement and emotion, and of having, without any decided intention on his own part, delightfully taken in every body, which delighted the school-boy part of his nature. To be so clever as he was conscious of being, and a poet, and a great many other fine things, it was astonishing how much of the school-boy was in him. But yet he had no compunction as he went up the long staircase: he had not finished, nor indeed made the least advance with his poem.

"From old Pietro's canvas freshly sprung,
Fair face!—"

This beginning was what he liked best.

Edward was moved in a very different way. He would have been magnanimous and given up Cara—that is, having no real right to Cara, he might have given up the youthful imagination of her which had always been his favorite fancy—to his brother, with some wringing of the heart, but with that compensation which youth has in the sublime sense of self-sacrifice. But there is no bitterness greater in this world, either for young or old, than that of giving up painfully to another something which that other holds with levity and treats with indifference. To hear Cara, the sacred young princess of his own fancy, spoken of lightly, and the supreme moment of possible union with her characterized as "turning off," was a downfall which made Edward half frantic with pain and shame and indignation and impatience. She would be to Oswald only a common-place little wife, to be petted when he was in the humor, standing very much lower than himself in his own good graces; whereas, to Edward she would have been— But it was Oswald, not Edward, whom she had chosen. How strange it was! all those wonderful confusions of humanity which depress the wisest, the blind jumps at fate, the foolish choices, the passing over of the best to take the worst, which form the ordinary course of existence every where. The poor young fellow, in this first encounter with adverse events—mingled with that strange wonder of the tender heart to find itself uncomprehended and rejected, while gifts much less precious than those it offers are accepted, which is one of the most poignant pangs of nature—all this surged dimly through Edward's mind, filling him with a despondency and pain beyond words. Indeed, he could not have told all the bitterness of the vague heavy blackness which swallowed up the fair world and every thing lovely before him. It was not only that Cara had (he thought) chosen Oswald instead of himself, but also that the lesser love was preferred to the greater, and that the thing one man would have worshiped was thrown to the careless keeping of another, as if it were a thing of no price. The personal question and the abstract one twisted and twined into one, as is general in the first speculations of youth. He himself unconsciously became to him the symbol of true love misjudged, of gold thrown away for pinchbeck; and Cara, of that terrible perennial mistake which is always going on from chapter to chapter of the world's history. Even, for he was generous in the very pangs of that visionary envy, it added another pang of suffering to Edward's mind, that he could not but consider his brother as the pinchbeck, so far as Cara at least was considered. While Oswald sat smiling to himself through the fumes of his cigar, Edward threw his window open and gazed out into the chill darkness of the winter night, feeling the cold wind, which made him shiver, to be more in consonance with his feelings than the warmth of the comfortable room inside.

Thus the whole little world was turned upside down by Oswald's light-hearted preference of his own gratification to any thing other people might think. He had half forgotten the appointment he had so anxiously made with Cara when the morning came, having got into full swing with his verses, which was a still more captivating way of expressing his sentiments than confession of them to Cara—

"Fair face from old Pietro's canvas sprung,
Soft as the eve, fresh as the day;
Sweet shadow of angelic faces, young
And heavenly bright as they,
Soul of all lovely things, by poets sung."

He could not content himself with the last line—"Accept my lay," or "my humble lay," was the easiest termination, but it was prosaic and affected. The consideration of this occupied him to the entire exclusion of Cara, and he only recollected with what anxiety he had begged her to get rid of her aunt and see him alone at a quarter past twelve, having appointed to meet her at noon. He thrust the bit of paper on which he had been scribbling into his pocket, when he remembered, and went off languidly to pay his visit. He had meant to have completed the poem, and read it over to her, but it was clear that this must be postponed to another day.

Meanwhile good Miss Cherry, full of anxieties, had got up much earlier than was necessary, and had spent a long day before twelve o'clock. By way of giving to her withdrawal at that fatal hour an air of perfect naturalness and spontaneity, she invented a great many little household occupations, going here and there over the different rooms with nurse, looking over Cara's things to see what was wanted, and many little occupations more. The one most serious occupation which she had in her mind she postponed until the moment when the lever, or supposed lover, should appear. This was her real object in coming to London, the interview which she had determined to have with her brother. With a heart beating more loudly than it had beaten for years, she waited till Oswald Meredith's appearance gave the signal for this assault, which it was her duty to make, but which she approached with so much trembling. By the time Oswald did appear, her breath had almost forsaken her with agitation and excitement, and she had become almost too much absorbed in her own enterprise to wonder that at such a moment the young man should be late. She was already in the library when Oswald went up stairs. Two interviews so solemn going on together! the comfort of both father and daughter hanging in the balance. Miss Cherry knocked so softly as to be unheard, and had to repeat the summons before that "come in" sounded through the closed door, which was to her as the trump of doom.

She went in. Mr. Beresford was seated as usual at his writing-table, with all his books about him. He was busy, according to his gentle idea of being busy, and looked up with some surprise at his sister when she entered. Miss Cherry came noiselessly forward in her gray gown, with her soft steps. He held his pen suspended in his fingers, thinking perhaps it was some passing question which she meant to ask, then laid it down with the slightest shadow of impatience, covered immediately by a pretended readiness to know what she wanted, and a slight sigh over his wasted time. Those who have their bread to work for take interruptions far more easily than those whose labors are of importance to nobody; and Macaulay writing his history would not have breathed half so deep a sigh as did James Beresford over the half hour he was about to lose.

"You want something?" he said, with the smile of a conscious martyr.

"Only to speak to you, James," said Miss Cherry, breathless. Then she looked up at him with a deprecating, wistful smile. "It is not very often that we meet now, or have any opportunity for a little talk," she said.

"Yes, Cherry, that is true enough. I have been so much away."

"And people drift apart; that is true too. I know I can't follow you in all your deep studies, James; but my heart is always the same. I think of you more than of any one, and of Cara. I hope she will live to be the dearest comfort to you, as she always was to us. The light went away from the Hill, I think, when she went away."

"You have been very good to her, I am sure," he said, with due gratefulness, "and most kind. You have brought her up very wisely, Cherry. I have no fault to find with her. She is a good little girl."

Miss Cherry, to hear her small goddess thus described, felt a sudden shock and thrill of horror; but she subdued herself. "I wanted to speak to you, James," she said, "of that." Then, with a slight pout and heave of her classical bosom, "Oh, James, do you not think you will give her a little more of your society—learn to know her better? You would find it worth your while."

"Know her better! My dear Cherry, I know her very well, poor child! She is a good little girl, always obedient and dutiful. There can not be very much fellowship between a man of my occupations and a quiet simple girl such as Cara is, I am glad to say; but I am very fond of her. You must not think I don't appreciate my child."

"It is not quite that," said poor Cherry. "Oh, James, if you only knew it, our Cara is a great deal more than merely a good little girl. I would not for a moment think of finding fault with you; but if you would see her a little more in the evening—if you would not go out quite so much—"

"Go out! I really go out so seldom. I think you are making a mistake, Cherry, my dear."

"Oh no, James; since I have come it has been my great thought. I know you don't mean to be unkind; but when you are out every evening—"

"Really, Cherry, I had no idea that my liberty was to be infringed and my habits criticised."

Miss Cherry came up to him with an anxious face and flashing eyes. "Oh, James, don't be angry. That is not what I mean. It is not to criticise you. But if you would stay with your child in the evening sometimes. She is so sweet and young. It would give you pleasure if you were to try—and—it would be better, far better, in other ways too."

"I don't understand what you mean," he said, hurriedly.

"No, no. I was sure, quite sure, you never thought, nor meant any thing. But the world is a strange world. It is always misconceiving innocent people; and, James, I am certain, nay, I *know*, it would be so much better—for every one—in every way."

"You seem to have made up your mind to be mysterious, Cherry," he said. "I don't see to whom it can be of importance how I pass my time. To Cara, you think? I don't suppose she cares so much for my society. You are an old-fashioned woman, my poor thing, and think as you were brought up to think. But, my dear, it is not necessary to salvation that a man should be always in his own house, and between a man of fifty and a girl of seventeen there is not really so much in common."

"When they are father and daughter? James—"

"That does not make very much difference that I can see. But if you think Cara is dull, we must hit upon something better than my society. Young friends, perhaps—if there is any other girl she likes particularly, let her invite her friend by all means. I don't want my little girl to be dull."

"It is not that, James. She never complains; but, oh, if you would try to make friends with the child! She would interest you; she would be a pleasant companion. She would make you like your home again, and, oh, pardon me, James, would not that be better than finding your happiness elsewhere?"

At this moment the door was opened, and John appeared, ushering in a scientific visitor, whose very name was enough to frighten any humble person like Miss Cherry. She withdrew precipitately, not sorry to be saved from further discussion, and wondering at herself how she had had the audacity to speak so to James. Nothing but her audacity could have given her such boldness. It was presumption, she felt, even in her secret soul, to criticise, as he said, a man like her brother, so much older, so much wiser, than herself. But sometimes a little point of custom or regard to appearances would be overlooked by a clever man in the very greatness of his thoughts. This was how kind Miss Cherry put it; and in that way the mouse might help the lion, and the elderly, old-fashioned sister be of use to a wise and learned man, though he was a member of all the societies. And how kindly he had listened to her, and received her bold animadversions! When there is any thing to admire in the behavior of those they look up to, kind women, like Miss Cherry, can always find some humble plea like this at heart for a little adoration. Such a clever man! had he not a right to be furious—brutal, if he pleased—when a simple little woman dared to find fault with him? but, on the contrary, how well he took it! what a man he was!

Miss Cherry hurrying up stairs met Cara coming down, and her other excitement came back to her in a moment. She took the girl's hands in hers, though it was in no more retired place than the landing on the stairs. "Well, my darling," she said, anxiously.

"Well, Aunt Cherry," said Cara, and laughed. "I was coming to look for you, to ask you to come out and get some ribbon—"

"But, Cara—"

"Come!" cried the girl, running up stairs again to get her hat; and what had really happened that morning Miss Cherry never knew. So that both her excitements came to nothing, and the day turned out uneventful like other common days.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The botanical laboratory at Kew, the first of the kind built in England, is now completed, and, it is expected, will be in working order in the course of the winter. The expense has been defrayed entirely by private munificence.

A sexual mode of reproduction has long been believed to exist in lichens and the class of fungi known as Ascomycetes, and has even been described in some detail by De Bary and others. The most recent researches, however, of Cornu and Van Tieghem throw great doubt on the trustworthiness of these observations, and seem, indeed, to render it highly probable that these classes of cryptogams are propagated only by a non-sexual method.

A very important change has recently been introduced into the curriculum for the science examinations at the University of London. At the preliminary examinations for the degrees of Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Medicine, the two subjects of botany and zoology, hitherto distinct, are now united into one general examination in "biology," and the larger part of the examination will in future be practical, the candidate being required to examine microscopically, to dissect, and to describe specimens placed before him. Special stress is laid on a practical acquaintance with some of the lowest and simplest forms of animal life, such as *Torula*, *Penicillium*, *Protococcus*, and *Amœba*, and the syllabus is founded to a considerable extent on the course of instruction contained in the *Elementary Biology* of Professor Huxley and Dr. Martin (the latter of whom has recently been appointed to the professorship of biology at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore). In chemistry, also, a *vivâ voce* and practical examination will in future be required.

At the International Exposition held at Valparaiso, Chili, in the year 1875, a medal of honor and a diploma were given to the Smithsonian Institution, and a medal of the first class, with diploma, to the United States Fish Commission, for the value of their scientific labors and the importance of their publications. The United States Fish Commission also received a medal and diploma at the Paris Maritime Exhibition for 1875 for its photographs of American food fishes.

The usual autumnal meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was held at the rooms of the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, on the 17th of October. An average attendance was present, and some papers were read of considerable interest. The principal business of the meeting was the election of new members, of whom Edward S. Morse, of Salem, Professor J. A. Allen, of Cambridge, Professor George F. Barker, of Philadelphia, Professor W. M. Gabb, of Philadelphia, and General John Newton, U.S.A., were chosen.

Dr. Simon, for fifty-three years a professor of surgery in the University of Heidelberg, died recently in that city.

We have already referred to the expedition to Thibet by M. Prejevalsky, and to the anticipations of valuable scientific results to flow therefrom. The latest programme of his route was to leave Omsk on the 9th of July, accompanied by Messrs. Povolo-Shoeikofsky and Ecklon, and to proceed through Semipalatinsk and Sergiopol to Kooldsha; thence across the Sian Shan to the Lob-nor, there to remain during the autumn, until December. For the winter months the party will return to Kooldsha, and proceeding thence in the spring, they propose to go through Karatar to H'lassa, in Thibet. They propose to devote two years to the exploration of different parts of that country, and then to descend the valley of the Brahmapootra.

The expedition is well provided with means, having at its disposal 25,000 rubles. Their baggage, when it arrived at Omsk, weighed not less than 2500 kilograms. Plenty of small steel instruments (knives, scissors, razors), looking-glasses, some silver tea sets, etc., for commerce and presents, were selected by M. Prejevalsky to gratify the taste of the Mongols.

The natural history party of the Hayden survey, under the direction of Dr. Elliott Coues, U.S.A., lately returned from the field, having been engaged in investigating the zoology of Colorado during the past season. Dr. Coues's party left Cheyenne, Wyoming, about the middle of August, and traveled westward to a point near Laramie City, whence a road, practicable for wagons, leads into North Park, Colorado, where most of the collections and observations were made. This locality is almost entirely uninhabited, and of late has been scarcely visited, owing, in great measure, to a bad reputation acquired since the massacre of some whites by Indians a few years since. The region is represented as abounding in large game, such as bear, elk, deer, and antelope, and offering an eligible field for the naturalist. Dr. Coues is at present engaged in elaborating the results of his expedition, which will doubtless appear in due season in the publications of the survey.

Some very important geological discoveries have been made by Professor C. F. Hartt and his assistants in Brazil. Working over the region explored by Professor Theodore B. Comstock in 1870, and by Messrs. Hartt and Derby in 1871, they have extended the Devonian down 1000 feet below the beds discovered by Messrs. Smith and Comstock. The lower beds are Oriskany, with the characteristic North American fossils, as well as some others (seventy-five species in all) which have undoubted Devonian affinities. Carboniferous beds were also discovered to the northward, making a complete section from base of Devonian to recent beds, in the lower Amazonian Valley.

Something of the richness in species of fish in some of the Western rivers may be gathered from the results of the labors of Professors Jordan and Copeland in the collecting of the fishes of White River, in the vicinity of Indianapolis, Indiana, not less than sixty-five species, of fourteen families, having been defined by them.

The Royal Academy of Sciences, etc., of Belgium has recently published an important work, entitled *Bibliographie Académique* (8vo, 1875), in which a list of the various members of the Academy is given, with the titles in full of the memoirs published by each in the society's publications, as well as a list, as full as possible, of papers published in other journals. A very brief sketch of the life of each member precedes the list of his papers.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg has also recently published its "*Tableau général méthodique et alphabétique des Matières contenues dans les Publications de l'Académie Impériale des Sciences de St. Pétersbourg depuis sa Fondation. Première Partie. Publications en Langues étrangères* (8vo, 489 p.).

These two works will be of great value to men of science, and will supplement the admirable *Catalogue of Scientific Papers* of the Royal Society of London and Reuss's *Index Commentationum.*

The Geographical Congress at Brussels, of which we have already made mention in our columns, adopted the following plan for the systematic exploration of the unknown portions of Africa, and the establishment of direct routes of commerce and scientific research: The limitation of the international exploration to the region bounded east and west by the two oceans, on the north by the frontiers of the Egyptian territory and independent Soudan; this work to be accomplished by a sufficient number of traveling expeditions, starting from different bases of operation. To establish as such bases a certain number of scientific and hospitable stations both upon the shores of Africa and in its interior. These stations should be established upon the eastern and western coasts, where European civilization is already represented, as at Bugamoya and Loando. These should be dépôts intended to furnish travelers with the means of subsistence and exploration, upon the basis of the European stations employed for the purposes of trade. Other stations should be fixed at points in the interior best adapted to promote the objects of research.

Among those indicated are Ujiji, Nyangwe, the residence of the king, and at a point in some part of the region of Muata-Yauvo. Special investigation hereafter will suggest additional stations. Leaving to the future the arrangements for communication between the several stations, the conference hopes that a line as continuous as possible from ocean to ocean, and approximately along the itinerary of Commander Cameron, may be fixed upon, while another line of operations should be arranged from north to south.

In continuation of accounts already given of the Norwegian Atlantic exploring expedition, we learn that this expedition remained at Reikiavik from July 26 to August 3, during which time a portion of the party visited the geysers. The lateness of the season made it necessary to give up the idea of exploring the sea between Iceland and Greenland, and they proceeded south of Iceland again, and thence northeast, running a line of soundings showing the transition from the warmer Atlantic water at the bottom to the ice-cold arctic water east of Iceland. In another line of soundings, from Iceland to Narnsos, depths of 1800 fathoms were found midway between Norway and Iceland, in latitude 64° 55′. The temperature at the bottom was always under 32°; at 1800 fathoms it was 29°. The layer with 32° was in about 200 fathoms east of Iceland, and in 300 or 400 fathoms further east. It seems that the Faroe bank prevents the warm Atlantic water from filling up the upper layers of the northern seas to such a depth on the northeast side of these islands as it does in the interval between this region and the cold sea east of Iceland. The nearer Norway, the warmer is the upper layer of the sea, not only on the surface, but at a depth of 100 and 200 fathoms.

The bottom of the arctic deep sea was found to consist of mud, with a few minute organisms. The entire season through was exceptionally stormy and inauspicious, which, however, did not prevent constant activity in taking soundings, temperatures, and the use of the trawl and dredge. Magnetical observations were also carried on on board the vessel. After leaving Narnsos, which was reached on the 14th of August, a series of soundings over four nautical miles was taken due east, and the important discovery made of an extended bank at a depth of about 150 fathoms. The depth over this bank increased gradually until it was 300 fathoms at a distance of 100 nautical miles from the nearest coast, and not far from the last deep-sea sounding, which was 580 fathoms.

It is now thought probable that the boundary line of the ice-cold water runs from a point 100 miles off the coast from Narnsos up to Spitzbergen outside of the Loffoden Islands, and that this breadth of the bank explains the mild winter climate which Northern Norway enjoys. The expedition finally returned to Bergen on the 26th of August. The members of the party have already commenced the preparation of their final report.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

But two brief months ago and the ice-man could command a bow from our most aristocratic citizens. To-day he sits neglected and shivering on his box, a blue-nosed victim of human instability.

In what ship has the greatest number of people been wrecked?—Courtship.

The saying, "Excuse haste and a bad pen," has been attributed to a pig which ran away from home.

Note the difference: A ship is decked for use, a woman is decked for ornament.

A careful housewife in Altoona, Pennsylvania, put an $18 order and a $10 greenback into the drawer of the coffee-mill for safe-keeping the other day. Next morning the family enjoyed a $28 cup of coffee.

"Are you there?" said an Orangeman to a Ribbonman in "grafe," being about to be hanged. "I always said you would come to be hanged." "You're a liar," said Pat, "if it was the last word I had to spake! I did not come, I was brought."

Learn this lesson: No one cares about the size of your foot except yourself; therefore be comfortable.

A difficult Look to pick—One from a bald head.

"My friend, don't you know that it is very dangerous to take a nap while the train is in motion?" "Why so?" exclaimed the astonished individual, waking up—"why so?" "Because this train runs over sleepers."

"What a strain that is!" said Mrs. Partington, as she heard an air from *Lucia* sung in the highest style by a young lady where she was visiting. "Yes," was the response; "it is operatic." "Upper attic, is it?" questioned she. "I should think it was high enough to be on the top of the house."

A true Picture of Despair—A pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get a cabbage that lies a few inches beyond his reach.

One Touch of Nature.—They are taking evidence in a divorce case for cruelty. The husband is under examination. His wife, prostrated with grief, is weeping bitterly, covering her face with her handkerchief. "Now," says the judge, "are you not ashamed to have thus brutally treated your wife—a tender young woman of twenty-five?" The wife suddenly raised her head. "I beg your pardon," she sobs—"twenty-four only." And she again gives way to her grief.

A fire was caused in Scranton, the other day, by the sun's rays glancing off a citizen's nose and concentrating on a frame shed. The owner of the nose doesn't belong to a temperance society. He argues that a little wine for the stomach's sake will harm no one.

That's what's the Matter.—After worrying his father for three or four years on the subject, a young man succeeded in becoming the owner of a watch the other day. His father purchased it on the sly, took it home, and when the young man turned over his plate on sitting down to dinner, he found the watch. "You are a noble father," he exclaimed, in delight. As he opened the watch, his smile faded away. Noticing the change, his father asked, "Isn't the watch all right?" "It's a good enough watch," was the reply. "Then what's the matter?" "Why, you have had my name engraved on the case, and no pawnbroker will give me twenty shillings on it if I get hard up."

Deception one can not see through—A glass eye.

Spell-bound—Stuck on a word at a spelling bee.

A pleasant Reflection—A pretty girl's face in a glass.

Promising.—Outside of a Philadelphia hall, where meetings have been held for revising English spelling, there was posted lately, "The Fillerdelfier Convenshun for revising the spelling of the Benglish landwidge has adjerned."

What is the best vegetable pill yet invented for curing a gnawing at the stomach?—An apple dumpling.

A boy novice in smoking turned deadly pale and threw away his cigar. Said he, "There's somethin' in that cigar that's made me sick." "I know what it is," said his companion, pulling away. "What?" "Tobacker."

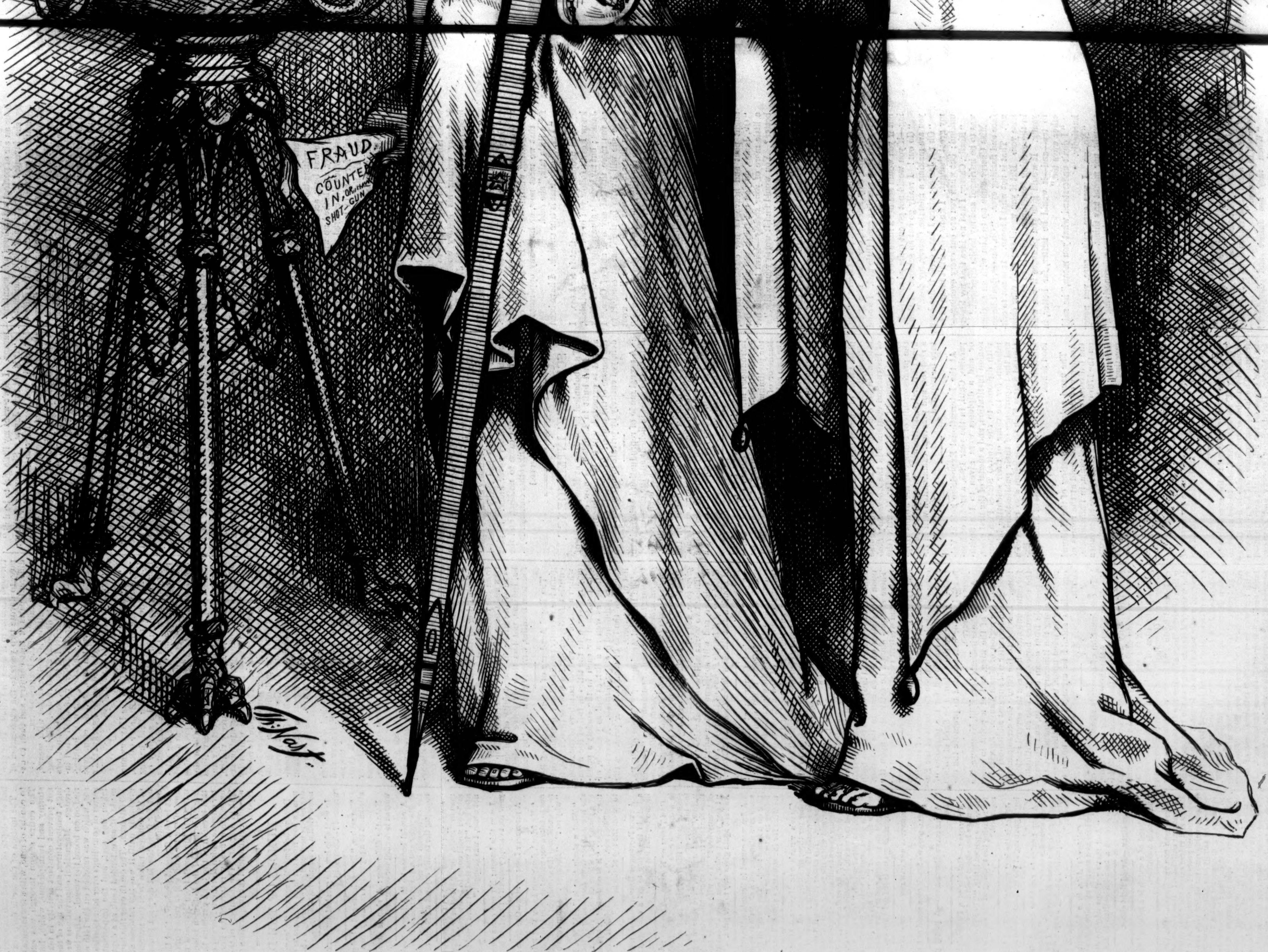
The *California Alta*, in a biography of Socrates, equips him as a sewing-machine agent—

"And that's perhaps why he died,
With a hem-lock-stitch in his side."

Foot Rule.—Avoid tight shoes.

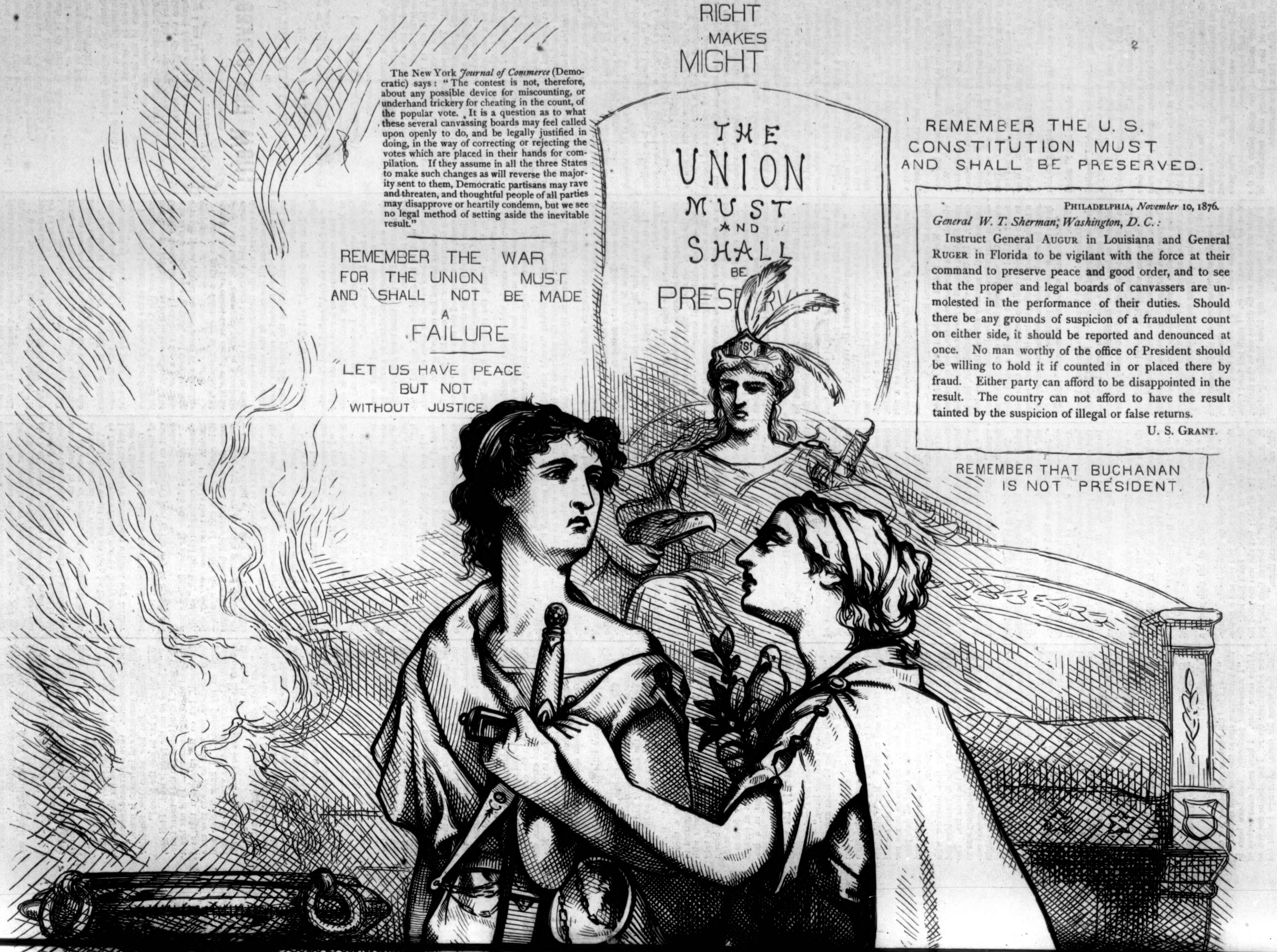
One hand of a watch is a minute hand, but the second hand is a minuter.

Suffering for the Truth.—Oh, the artless prattle of innocent childhood! How the sweet music of their hearts and voices calms the wild yearnings of the sorrow-crowned years of maturity! At a happy home in a fashionable quarter of the city, the other evening, where the family was gathered around the tea table entertaining unexpected guests, the fond mother said to the youngest darling: "Weedie darling, be careful; you mustn't spill the berries on the table-cloth." "Tain't a table-cloth," promptly responded darling; "it's a sheet." And late at night, when the company had gone away, and that sweet child was standing with its head nearly where its feet ought to be, catching with its tear-blinded eyes occasional glimpses of a fleeting slipper that fluttered in the air in eccentric gyrations, one could see how early in the stormy years of this brief life one may begin to suffer for the truth.


FRAUD
COUNTE
IN, OR
SHOT-GUN
Th. Nast.

JUSTICE AND PEACE.

"UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL."



The New York *Journal of Commerce* (Democratic) says: "The contest is not, therefore, about any possible device for miscounting, or underhand trickery for cheating in the count, of the popular vote. It is a question as to what these several canvassing boards may feel called upon openly to do, and be legally justified in doing, in the way of correcting or rejecting the votes which are placed in their hands for compilation. If they assume in all the three States to make such changes as will reverse the majority sent to them, Democratic partisans may rave and threaten, and thoughtful people of all parties may disapprove or heartily condemn, but we see no legal method of setting aside the inevitable result."

PHILADELPHIA, *November* 10, 1876.

General W. T. Sherman, Washington, D. C.:

Instruct General AUGUR in Louisiana and General RUGER in Florida to be vigilant with the force at their command to preserve peace and good order, and to see that the proper and legal boards of canvassers are unmolested in the performance of their duties. Should there be any grounds of suspicion of a fraudulent count on either side, it should be reported and denounced at once. No man worthy of the office of President should be willing to hold it if counted in or placed there by fraud. Either party can afford to be disappointed in the result. The country can not afford to have the result tainted by the suspicion of illegal or false returns.

U. S. GRANT.

RIGHT MAKES MIGHT
THE UNION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED
REMEMBER THE WAR FOR THE UNION MUST AND SHALL NOT BE MADE A FAILURE
"LET US HAVE PEACE BUT NOT WITHOUT JUSTICE
REMEMBER THE U. S. CONSTITUTION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.
REMEMBER THAT BUCHANAN IS NOT PRESIDENT.

WILL AND LAW.

WILL, in his lawless mirth,
Cried: "Mine be the sphere of Earth!
Mine be the hills and seas,
Night calm and morning breeze,
Shadowed and sun-lit hours,
Passions, delights, and powers,
Each in its turn to choose,
All to reject or use—
Thus myself to fulfill,
For I am Will!"

Nature, with myriad mouth,
Answered from North and South:
"Back to thy nest again,
Dream of the idle brain!
Eyes shall open, and see
Power attained through me:
Mine the increasing days,
Mine the delight that stays,
Service from each to draw—
For I am Law!"

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "A STRANGE WORLD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—(*Continued.*)

DR. HOLLENDORF.

MRS. SINCLAIR'S morning-room was a spacious, old-fashioned apartment, with three long windows, one opening into a wide balcony, from which an iron stair led down to a garden, small and secluded, laid out in the Dutch style—a garden which had been always sacred to the mistress of Davenant. There were heavy oak shutters, and a complicated arrangement of bolts and bars to the three windows, but as these shutters were rarely closed, the stair and the balcony might be considered as a convenience specially provided for the benefit of burglars. No burglars had, however, yet been heard of at Davenant.

There was a piano in the room. There were well-filled book-cases, pictures, quaint old china—all things that make life pleasant to the mind that is at ease, and which may be supposed to offer some consolation to the care-burdened spirit. The fire blazed merrily, and on a sofa in front of it Constance reclined, dressed in a loose white cashmere gown, hardly whiter than the wasted oval face, from which the dark brown hair was drawn back by a band of blue ribbon, just as it had been ten years ago, when Constance was "little Connie," flitting about the lawn at Marchbrook like a white and blue butterfly.

"My pet," said Lord Clanyarde, in a pleading tone, "I have brought a new doctor to see you, a gentleman who may be able to understand your case even better than our friend Webb."

"No one ever knew her constitution as well as I do," commented Dr. Webb, *sotto voce.*

Constance raised her heavy eyelids and looked at her father with a languid wonder, as if the figures standing by her couch were far away, and she saw them faintly in the distance, without knowing what they were.

The new doctor did not go through the usual formula of pulse and tongue, nor did he ask the old-established questions, but he seated himself quietly by Constance Sinclair's sofa and began to talk to her in a low voice, while Dr. Webb and Lord Clanyarde withdrew to the other end of the room, where Gilbert was standing by a table, absently turning over the leaves of a book.

"You have had a great sorrow, my dear lady," said the German doctor, in that low and confidential tone which sometimes finds its way to the clouded brain when louder and clearer accents convey no meaning. "You have had a great sorrow, and have given way to grief as if there were no comfort either in earth or in heaven."

Constance listened with lowered eyelids, but a look of attention came into her face presently, which the doctor perceived.

"Dear lady, there is always comfort in heaven; there is sometimes consolation on earth. Why can you not hope for some sudden, unlooked-for happiness, some great joy such as God has sometimes given to mourners like you? Your child was drowned, you think. What if you were deceived when you believed in her death? What if she was saved from the river? I do not say that it is so, but you can not be certain. Who can know for a certainty that the little one was really drowned?"

The eyes were wide open now, staring at him wildly.

"What's the old fellow about so long?" asked Gilbert, impatiently.

"He is talking to her about her child," replied Lord Clanyarde. "He wants to make her cry if he can. He's a great psychologist."

"Does that mean a great humbug?" asked Gilbert. "It sounds like it."

"Hope and comfort are coming to you, dear Mrs. Sinclair," said the German doctor; "be sure of that."

Again Constance looked at him curiously; but at sight of the smoke-colored spectacles and the sallow old face, half covered with white hair, turned away her eyes with a sigh. If she could have seen eyes that looked honestly into hers, it might have given force to that promise of comfort, but this blind oracle was too mysterious. She gave a long sigh, and kept silence.

The doctor looked at the open piano on the other side of the fire-place, and remained in thoughtful silence for a few moments.

"Does your mistress sing sometimes?" he asked Martha Briggs, who sat on guard by the sofa.

"No, Sir, not since she's been so ill; but she plays sometimes, by snatches, beautiful. It would go to your heart to hear her."

"Will you sing to me," asked the doctor, "if you are strong enough to go to the piano? Pray try to sing."

Constance looked at him with the same puzzled gaze, and then tried to rise. Martha supported her on one side, the doctor on the other, as she feebly tottered to the piano.

"I'll sing if you like," she said, in a careless tone that told how far the mind was from consciousness of the present. "Papa likes to hear me sing."

She seated herself at the piano, and her fingers wandered slowly over the keys, and wandered on in a dreamy prelude that had little meaning. The German doctor listened patiently for a few minutes to this tangle of arpeggios, and then, bending over the piano, played the few notes of a familiar symphony.

Constance gave a faint cry of surprise, and struck a chord, the chord that closed the symphony, and began, "Strangers yet," in a pathetic voice that had a strange hysterical power in curious contrast with the feebleness of the singer.

She sang on till she came to the words "child and parent." These touched a sensitive chord, and she rose suddenly from the piano and burst into tears.

"That may do good," said Dr. Webb, approvingly.

"My friend is no fool," replied Lord Clanyarde.

"Take your mistress to her room," said Gilbert to Martha, with an angry look. "This is only playing upon her nerves. I wonder you can allow such folly, Lord Clanyarde."

"Your own doctors have agreed that some shock was necessary, something to awaken her from apathy. Poor pet! those tears are a relief," answered the father.

He went to his daughter and assisted in arranging the pillows as she lay down on the sofa. Martha calmly ignored her master's order.

The German doctor bent over Mrs. Sinclair for a moment, and whispered the one word "Hope," and then retired with the three other gentlemen.

"Would you like to prescribe any thing?" asked Dr. Webb, taking the stranger into a little room off the hall.

"No; it is a case in which drugs are useless. Hope is the only remedy for Mrs. Sinclair's disease. She must be beguiled with hope, even if it be delusive."

"What?" cried Dr. Webb; "would you trifle with her feelings, play upon the weakness of her mind, and let her awaken by-and-by to find herself deluded?"

"I would do any thing to snatch her from the jaws of death," answered the German doctor, unhesitatingly. "If hope is not held out to her, she will die. You see her fading day by day. Do you think there is any charm in your medicines that will bring her back to life?"

"I fear not, Sir," answered Dr. Webb, despondently.

"Then you or those who love her must find some more potent influence. She is heart-broken for the loss of her child. She must be taught to think that her child is still living."

"But when her mind grows stronger it would be a still heavier blow to discover that she had been deceived."

"She would be better able to bear the blow when health and strength had returned, and she might have formed an attachment in the mean time which would console her in the hour of disillusion."

"I don't understand," faltered Dr. Webb.

"I'll make myself clearer. A child must be brought to Mrs. Sinclair, a little girl of about the age of her own baby, and she must be persuaded to believe, now while her brain is clouded, that her own child is given back to her."

"A cruel deception," cried Dr. Webb.

"No; only a desperate remedy. Which are her friends to do—deceive her, or let her die? In her present condition of mind she will ask no questions; she will not speculate upon probabilities. She will take the child to her breast as a gift from Heaven. A mind distraught is always ready to believe in the marvelous, to imagine itself the object of supernatural intervention."

Dr. Webb looked thoughtful and half convinced. This German physician, who spoke very good English, seemed to have studied his subject deeply. Dr. Webb was no psychologist, but he had seen in the mentally afflicted that very love of the marvelous which Dr. Hollendorf spoke about. And what hope had he of saving his patient? Alas! none. It would be a cruel thing to put a spurious child in her arms, to trifle with a mother's sacred feelings; but if life and reason could be saved by this means and no other, surely the fraud would be a pious one.

"Mr. Sinclair would never consent," said Dr. Webb.

"Mr. Sinclair must be made to consent. I have already suggested this step to Lord Clanyarde, and he approves the idea. He must bring his influence to bear upon Mr. Sinclair, who appears an indifferent husband, and not warmly interested in his wife's fate."

"There you wrong him," cried the faithful Webb. "His manner does not do him justice. The poor man has been in a most miserable condition ever since Mrs. Sinclair's illness assumed an alarming aspect. Will you make this suggestion to him—propose our introducing a strange child?"

"I would rather the proposal should come from Lord Clanyarde," answered the strange doctor, looking at his watch. "I must get back to London by the next train. I shall tell Lord Clanyarde my opinion as he drives me to the station. I think I have made my ideas sufficiently clear to you, Dr. Webb?"

"Quite so, quite so," cried the little man, whose mother was an Aberdeen woman. "It is a most extraordinary thing, Dr. Hollendorf, that although I have never had the honor of meeting you before, your voice is very familiar to me."

"My dear Sir, do you suppose that Nature can give a distinctive voice to every unit in an over-crowded world? You might hear my voice in the Feejees to-morrow. There would be nothing extraordinary in that."

"Of course, of course. An accidental resemblance," assented Dr. Webb.

The German would take no fee; he had come as Lord Clanyarde's friend, and he drove away in Lord Clanyarde's brougham without any further loss of time.

Gilbert Sinclair and his friend devoted the rest of the evening to billiards, with frequent refreshment on Gilbert's part in the way of brandy and soda.

"You talked the other day about finding a purchaser for this confounded old barrack," said Mr. Sinclair. "I hate the place more every day, and it is costing me no end of money for repairs—never saw such a rickety old hole, always some wall tumbling down or drain getting choked up—to say nothing of keeping up a large stable here as well as at Newmarket."

"Why not give up Newmarket?" suggested Mr. Wyatt, with his common-sense air.

"I'm not such a fool. Newmarket gives me some pleasure, and this place gives me none."

"You must keep up a home for Mrs. Sinclair, and a London house would hardly be suitable in her present state."

"I can take her to Hastings or Ventnor, or to my box at Newmarket, if it comes to that."

"Isn't it better for her to be near her father?"

"What does she want with her father, an old twaddler like Clanyarde, without a thought beyond the gossip of his club? Don't humbug, Wyatt. You told me you could put your finger on a purchaser. Was that bosh, or did you mean it?"

"It was not bosh," answered Wyatt; "but I wanted to be quite sure you were in earnest before I pushed my proposal any further. You might consider it an impertinence even for me to think of such a thing."

"What are you driving at?"

"Will you sell Davenant to me?"

Gilbert dropped his billiard cue and stood staring at his friend in blank amazement. Here was a new state of things indeed. The professional man treading on the heels of the millionaire.

"You!" he exclaimed, with contemptuous surprise. "I did not think fifteen per cent. and renewals could be made so profitable."

"I'm too thin-skinned to resent the insinuation," said James Wyatt, cushioning his opponent's ball. "I can afford to buy Davenant at the price you gave for it. I've got just enough money disengaged. I sold out of Palermos the other day when they were up, to provide the purchase-money. I brought down a deed of transfer, and if you are in earnest, we can settle the business to-morrow morning."

"You're buying the place as a speculation," said Gilbert, suspiciously.

"Not exactly. But what would it matter to you if I were? You want to get rid of the place. I am ready to take it off your hands."

"You have heard of a bid from somebody else."

"No, I have not."

"Well, you're a curious fellow. Going to get married, I suppose, and turn country squire."

"Never mind my plans. Do you mean to sell?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm ready to buy."

The deed was executed next morning. Gilbert stipulated that he was not to surrender the house till the midsummer quarter, and that James Wyatt was to take the furniture at a valuation.

Mr. Sinclair was much pleased at the idea of getting back five-and-thirty thousand pounds of ready money for a place the purchase of which had been a whim, and of the occupation whereof he was heartily tired. Those miners in the north were still holding out, and money had not been flowing into his coffers nearly so fast as it had been flowing out during the last half year. He had made unlucky bargains in horseflesh—squandered his money on second-rate stock, and on running small races that were not worth his people's traveling expenses. In a word, he had done all those foolish things which an idle man who thinks himself extremely clever and yet lends an ear to every new adviser is apt to do.

"Five-and-thirty thou' will put me into smooth water," he said, as he signed the contract with a flourish.

The one suspicion as to Mr. Wyatt's intentions, which would have prevented Gilbert Sinclair agreeing to the bargain, had never presented itself to his mind.

James Wyatt went back to London that afternoon, promising to meet his client next day at the Argyle Street Branch of the Union Bank, and hand over the purchase-money. At eight o'clock that evening he presented himself at Sir Cyprian Davenant's chambers. He found his friend sitting alone among his books, smoking an Indian hookah.

"Wyatt, old fellow, this is a surprise," said Cyprian, as they shook hands. "Have you dined?"

"Thanks, yes; I took a chop at the Garrick. I've just come from Davenant."

"Indeed! How is Mrs. Sinclair?"

"Pretty much the same, poor soul. How long is it since you heard of her?"

"I saw Lord Clanyarde at his club about a week ago."

"Well, there's been no change lately. Something wrong with the mind, you see, and a gradual ebbing away of strength. She's not long for this world, I'm afraid; but she was too good for it. Angels are better off in heaven than they are with us. We don't appreciate them."

"No more than swine appreciate pearls," said Sir Cyprian.

"What would you give to get Davenant back?" asked Mr. Wyatt, without preface.

"What would I give? Any thing—half my fortune."

"What is your fortune worth?"

"About a hundred and fifty thousand."

"Well, then, I sha'n't want so much as half of it, though your offer is tempting. Davenant is mine."

"Yours!"

"Yes, at the price you got for it, with another five thousand as a sporting bid for the furniture and improvements. Give me five-and-twenty per cent. on my purchase and Davenant is yours."

"Willingly. But how about Mrs. Sinclair? Will it not grieve her to lose the place?"

"Whether or no, the place is sold. I tell you, Sir Cyprian, I stand before you the owner of Davenant and all its appurtenances. I did not buy it for myself, but on the speculation that, as I bought it cheap, you would be glad to give me a profit on my purchase. I knew Sinclair well enough to be very sure that he would let the roof rot over his head before he would consent to sell the place to you."

"You have done a friendly thing, Wyatt, and I thank you. I should hesitate, perhaps, in agreeing to such a bargain were any other man than Mr. Sinclair in question, but I do not feel myself bound to stand upon punctilio with him."

"Punctilio, man! There's no punctilio to stand upon. Sinclair sold the estate to me unconditionally, and I have an indisputable right to sell it to you."

CHAPTER XXI.

A RAPID THAW.

SIR CYPRIAN DAVENANT had ridden to Totteridge several times after his discovery of Mrs. Walsingham's connection with the village as tenant of that small and unpretending house with the green shutters, glass door, and square plot of garden. It was his habit to put up his horse at the inn, and go for a rustic stroll while the animal rested after his mid-day feed, and in these rambles he had made the acquaintance of the nurse and baby at the green-shuttered house.

The nurse was a German girl, fat-faced, good-natured, and unintelligent. Sir Cyprian won her heart at the outset by addressing her in her native language, which she had not heard since she came to England, and in the confidence inspired by his kind manners and excellent German she freely imparted her affairs to the stranger. Mrs. Walsingham had hired her in Brussels, and brought her home as nurse to the little girl, whose previous nurse had been dismissed for bad conduct in that city.

"Mrs. Walsingham's little girl?" inquired Sir Cyprian.

No. The darling was an orphan, the daughter of a poor cousin of Mrs. Walsingham who had died in Vienna, and the kind lady had brought the little one home, and was going to bring her up as her own child.

Sir Cyprian heard and was doubtful. He had his own theory about this baby, but a theory which he would not for worlds have imparted to any one. He got on quite familiar terms with the little one by-and-by. She was a chubby rosy infant of about fifteen months old, with brown eyes and fair complexion, and hair that made golden-brown rings upon her ivory forehead. She made frantic efforts to talk, but at present only succeeded in being loquacious in a language of her own.

She was quite ready to attach herself to the wandering stranger, fascinated by his watch-chain and seals.

"What is her name?" asked Sir Cyprian.

"Clara, but we always call her Baby."

"Clara? That's only her Christian name. She has a surname, I suppose?"

The nurse-maid supposed as much also, but had never heard any surname, nor the profession of the little dear's father, nor any details of the death of father and mother. Mrs. Walsingham was a lady who talked very little, but she seemed extremely fond of Baby. She came to see her twice a week, and sometimes staid all day, playing with her, and superintending her dinner, and carrying her about the garden.

On the morning after that interview with James Wyatt Sir Cyprian rode to Totteridge and put up his horse, as usual, at the little inn. The nurse had told him that Mrs. Walsingham was to be at the cottage to-day, and he had special reasons for wishing to see that lady. He might have called upon her in Half-Moon Street, of course, but he preferred to see her at Baby's establishment, if possible.

It was noon when he walked up and down the pathway before the cottage, waiting for Mrs. Walsingham's arrival, a bright winter day, with a blue sky and a west wind. He had exchanged greetings with Baby already, that young lady saluting him from the nursery window with vivacious flourishes of her pink arms.

The church clock had not long struck twelve when Mrs. Walsingham's neat brougham drove up. She opened the door and let herself out, and had scarcely stepped on to the pathway when she recognized Sir Cyprian.

She turned very pale, and made a little movement, as if she would have gone back to her carriage, but Sir Cyprian advanced, hat in hand, to greet her.

"You have not forgotten me, I hope, Mrs. Walsingham?"

"Sir Cyprian Davenant, I think?"

"Yes; I had the pleasure of meeting you more than three years ago at the Star and Garter."

"I remember perfectly. You have been in Africa since then. I have read some notices of your adventures there. I am glad to see you so little the worse for them. And now I must bid you good-morning. I have to see some people here. You can wait at the inn, Holmes," to the coachman.

"Will you give me half an hour—a quarter of an hour's conversation, Mrs. Walsingham?" asked Sir Cyprian.

She looked at him uneasily, evidently puzzled.

"Upon what subject?"

"Upon a matter of life and death."

"You alarm me. Have you come here on purpose to waylay me? I thought our meeting was accidental."

"Waylay is a disagreeable word; but I certainly came here this morning on purpose to see you. I am going to make an appeal to your heart, Mrs. Walsingham. I want you to do a noble action."

"I am afraid you have come to the wrong quarter for that commodity," she answered, with a bitter smile, but she seemed somewhat re-assured by this mode of address.

"Shall we walk?" she asked, moving away from the garden gate.

The wide high-road lay before them, destitute of any sign of human life, the leafless limes and chestnuts standing up against the winter sky, the far-off hills purple in the clear bright air. They would be as much alone here as within any four walls, and Mrs. Walsingham was evidently disinclined to admit Sir Cyprian into Ivy Cottage, as the house with the green shutters was called.

"Have you friends here? Do you often come?" asked Mrs. Walsingham, carelessly.

"I take my morning ride here occasionally, and the other day, while resting my horse, I made the acquaintance of your German nurse and her charge. Baby is a most fascinating little thing, and I take the warmest interest in her."

"What a pity my small niece is not old enough to appreciate the honor!" sneered Mrs. Walsingham.

Sir Cyprian ignored the sneer.

"My interest in that sweet little thing has given rise to a strange idea—a wild one, you will say, perhaps—when I have explained myself. But I must begin at the beginning. I told you that I was going to make an appeal to your heart. I come here to ask you to lend your aid in saving the life and reason of one whom you may have deemed in some wise your rival. Mrs. Sinclair is dying."

Mrs. Walsingham was silent.

"You have heard as much from some one else, perhaps?"

"I heard that she was seriously ill."

"And mentally afflicted?"

"Yes. You do not expect me to be greatly shocked or grieved, I hope. I never saw the lady, except in her box at the opera."

"And being a stranger you can not pity her. That is not following the example of the good Samaritan."

"If I found her on the road-side I should try to succor her, I dare say," answered Mrs. Walsingham; "but as her distresses do not come in my pathway, and as I have plenty of nearer demands upon my pity, I can hardly be expected to make myself miserable on Mrs. Sinclair's account. No doubt she has plenty of sympathy—a husband who adores her—and the chivalrous devotion of old admirers, like yourself."

"Spare her your sneers, Mrs. Walsingham. At no moment of her married life has she been a woman to be envied. In her present condition to refuse her pity would be to be less than human. Constance Sinclair is dying of a broken heart."

"Very sad," sighed Mrs. Walsingham.

"That is what you would say if one of your friends related the untimely death of a favorite lap-dog. Have you ever thought what that phrase means, Mrs. Walsingham? People use it lightly enough. A broken heart, the slow agony of a grief that kills—a broken heart, not broken by some sudden blow that shatters joy and life together—happy those whom sorrow slays with such merciful violence—but the slow wearing away, the dull, hopeless days, the sleepless nights, the despair that eats into the soul, yet is so slow to kill—these are the agonies which we sum up lightly, in our conventional phraseology, when we talk about broken hearts."

"Is it the loss of her baby which Mrs. Sinclair feels so deeply?" asked Mrs. Walsingham, who had listened thoughtfully to Sir Cyprian's appeal. She no longer affected a callous indifference to her rival's grief.

"Yes. That is the grief which is killing her. She has never been really happy with her husband, though she has been a good and dutiful wife. The child brought her happiness. She gave it all her love. She may have erred, perhaps, in concentrating her affection upon this baby, but the baby represented her world of love. When that was taken from her—suddenly—without a moment's warning, she gave herself up to despair. I have talked to a faithful servant who was with her in that bitter time, who knew her measureless love for the child. I have seen her in her grief, seen her the wreck of the joyous girl I knew three years ago."

Mrs. Walsingham was moved. No softening tear veiled the hard brightness of her dark eyes, but her lower lip worked nervously, and her increasing pallor told of a mind deeply troubled.

"If her husband had by any act of his brought her to this condition, I should call him something worse than a murderer," said Sir Cyprian; "but badly as I think of Gilbert Sinclair, I can not blame him here. It is destiny that has been cruel—an inscrutable Providence which has chosen to inflict this hopeless misery on the gentlest and most innocent of victims. It is very hard to understand why this should be."

"Mrs. Sinclair is not the first," said Mrs. Walsingham, struggling against some strong feeling. "Other women have lost children they loved—only children—the idols of their hearts."

"Other women have had kinder husbands, perhaps, to sympathize with and comfort them. Other women have had sources of consolation which Mrs. Sinclair has not."

"She has her piety, her church, her prayer-book. I should have thought so pure and perfect a woman would find consolation from those. I do not profess to be religious, or to have treasures laid up in heaven, and the loss of what I love most on earth might bring *me* to madness. But Mrs. Sinclair's placid perfection should be above such human passions."

"She is human enough and weak enough to break her heart for the loss of her child," answered Sir Cyprian, growing angry. "But you seem to be incapable of pity, and I fear I have been mistaken in appealing to you. Yet I thought that your love for that child yonder might inspire some feeling of sympathy with an afflicted mother."

"My affection for my poor little orphan cousin—a waif thrown on my hands by misfortune—is not a very absorbing sentiment," answered Mrs. Walsingham, with languid scorn.

"So much the better," cried Sir Cyprian, eagerly, "for in that case you will the easier fall in with my plan for saving Mrs. Sinclair's life and reason."

"You have a plan for saving her?"

"Yes, a plan recommended by her physicians, and to which her husband and father have given their consent. In a crisis in which nothing but hope could save her she has been told to hope. It has been even hinted to her that her child is still living."

Mrs. Walsingham started and looked at him wonderingly.

"A cruel deception you think, but the case was desperate, remember. This false hope has already done something. I have heard this morning that there has been a faint rally—a flicker of returning intelligence. She remembers that she has been told to hope—remembers and looks forward to the realization of the promise that has been made. If we fail her now, despair will again take possession of her—more bitter because of this ray of light. The plan formed by those who love her best is to give her a child to love—a child whom she will believe at first to be her own, saved from the German river, but about which, in time to come, when reason and strength have returned, she may be told the truth. She will have given the little one her love by that time, and the adopted child will fill the place of the lost one."

"A most romantic scheme, assuredly, Sir Cyprian. And pray what part do you expect me to play in this domestic drama? Why choose me for your confidante?"

"The little girl you have adopted is about the age of Mrs. Sinclair's baby. You admit that she is not very dear to you—a charge which you have taken upon yourself out of charity. Let Gilbert Sinclair adopt that child. He shall provide handsomely for her future, or, if you prefer trusting me, I will settle a sum of money which you shall approve, in trust for your little cousin, you yourself choosing the trustees. Give me that dear child, Mrs. Walsingham, and you will be the means of saving Constance Sinclair's life."

"That child?" cried Mrs. Walsingham, looking at him with wide-open eyes. "I give you *that* child to be Constance Sinclair's solace and consolation—to win Gilbert's wife back to life and happiness! *I* surrender that child! You must be mad to ask it."

"Did you not tell me just now that the child was not especially dear to you?"

"She is dear to me," answered Mrs. Walsingham, vehemently. "I have grown to love her. She is all I have in the world to love. She reminds me of one who once loved me. Why do you prate to me of Mrs. Sinclair's loneliness? She can not be lonelier than I am. What is there but emptiness in my heart?—yet I do not complain of a broken heart. *I* do not abandon myself to madness or imbecility. I bear my burden. Let her bear hers. Give you that child, indeed! That is asking too much."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Walsingham; I thought I was talking to a woman with a noble nature, whose higher instincts only needed to be appealed to."

"It is so long since people have left off appealing to my higher instincts that they have somewhat lost their use. Do you think, Sir Cyprian Davenant, that I have cause to love or pity or sacrifice myself for Constance Sinclair? You should know better than that, unless you have lived all these years in this world without knowing what kind of clay your fellow men and women are made of. I have the strongest reason to detest Mrs. Sinclair, and I do detest her frankly. She has done me no wrong, you will say. She has done me the greatest wrong—robbed me of the man I love, of wealth, status, name, and place in the world. Do you think it matters to me that she was unconscious of that wrong? She has done it, and I hate her for it, and shall so hate her till my dying day."

"Your hatred will not reach her in her grave or follow her beyond it," answered Sir Cyprian. "Your pity might save her life."

"Find some hospital brat to palm upon this distracted mother—some baby-farmer's protégée."

"I will find some respectably born child, be sure, Mrs. Walsingham. It was only a fancy, perhaps, which led me to propose taking your little kinswoman. I counted too much upon the generosity of a disappointed rival."

And with this home-thrust, Sir Cyprian bowed and walked away, leaving the lady to her own reflections.

A woman of this kind, a being swayed by passion, is often a mass of inconsistency and contradiction, now hot, now cold. At a late hour that evening Sir Cyprian received a letter, delivered by a man-servant. It was from Mrs. Walsingham.

"I am the most wretched of women"—she wrote—"utterly weary of life. Mrs. Sinclair may have the child. She would grow up a wretch if she grew up under my influence, for every day makes me more miserable and more bitter. What shall I be as an old woman? Send some trustworthy person to fetch the little girl to-morrow. I give her up to you entirely, but upon condition that Mrs. Sinclair shall never know to whom she owes her adopted child. May the adoption prosper! But as I hear that Mr. Sinclair is in a fair way to ruin, I do not think you are giving my young kinswoman a very brilliant start in life. Be this as it may, I wash my hands of her. She has not brought me happiness; and perhaps if I were to let her wind herself round my heart, it might prove by-and-by that I had taught a serpent to coil there. I have not too good an opinion of her blood. Yours truly,

"Clara Walsingham.

"Half-Moon Street, *Wednesday Night.*"

[to be continued.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER, 1876.

Sunday,	3.—First Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	10.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	17.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Thursday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Sunday,	24.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	25.—Christmas.
Tuesday,	26.—St. Stephen.
Wednesday,	27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Thursday,	28.—Holy Innocents.
Sunday,	31.—First Sunday after Christmas.

JANUARY, 1877.

Monday,	1.—Circumcision.
Saturday,	6.—Epiphany.
Sunday,	7.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	14.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	21.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
Thursday,	25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday,	28.—Septuagesima Sunday.

The latest pulpit sensation in England is the appearance of Professor Francis W. Newman, author of *Phases of Faith*, in the Old Unitarian Meeting-house, Birmingham. After having for years occupied an extreme position among religious skeptics, he has recently united with the Unitarians. The building was crowded with hearers, many of whom had traveled a considerable distance in order to enjoy the privilege of hearing this distinguished scholar and writer. An English newspaper correspondent describes him as "a tall, spare man, with deep-set luminous eyes, a worn and thoughtful countenance, with an expression sometimes of melancholy in its repose." The text taken was, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and the topic discussed the growth of Christian morals. The sermon was rich in thought, and was listened to with great satisfaction.

The Protestant Episcopal Church Congress opened in Boston November 14. Bishop Paddock, of the diocese of Massachusetts, delivered the first address. A paper was read by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood on the "True Place of Art in Christianity;" the Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith read a paper on "Foreign Missions." Both essays were freely discussed by members of the Congress.

In common with the other great charitable organizations of the country, the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society shows for its fiscal year, ending October 31, 1876, a falling off of receipts and an indebted treasury. This society has charge of both foreign and domestic missions: to each class about $320,000 have been disbursed during the year. The total receipts have been $594,188; the disbursements, $699,904. The indebtedness of the treasury, November 1, 1876, was $151,746; the balance on outstanding letters of credit and drafts for foreign missions, at same date, was $110,609, making the total liabilities of the treasury $262,355. The increase in liabilities for the year has been $76,792.

The troubles which have distracted the Reformed Church of France are precisely paralleled in the Reformed Church of Holland. The conflict is between the orthodox and liberal parties. Its occasion is the confession of faith required of all candidates for confirmation. The liberals consider this "too dogmatic," and wish a less stringent statement. A year ago they carried their point in the National Synod; this year the orthodox party gained the ascendency in the Synod, and restored the old confession. The liberals have recently held a meeting at Amsterdam, when a petition to the Synod was adopted, asking it to recede from the position last taken. There is little hope of a reconciliation.

The Rev. E. P. Hammond, the evangelist, has begun a series of meetings in the district of Kensington, Philadelphia. He has been peculiarly successful in his addresses to Sunday-school teachers and scholars. Messrs. Whittle and Bliss have been preaching to great numbers of people in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Mr. Moody's meetings in Chicago still attract immense audiences.

A recent census of the city of Calcutta gives some interesting facts in relation to the religions professed by the population. The number of native Christians is 2636, against 2466 in 1872. The total population is 409,036. Two-thirds of the whole are Hindoos, and of the Hindoos, the Brahmans are the most numerous caste. As to intelligence, the Hindoos are far in advance of the Mohammedans. Of the Hindoo males, 42 per cent. can read and write; of the Mohammedan males, only 16.5 per cent. Of the Hindoo females, 33 per cent. can read and write; of the Mohammedan, only 1 per cent.

France has not so far gone over to ultramontanism as to forget to assert its rights against the encroachments of the Church. The Pope has recently appointed a new Archbishop of Lyons, in place of Monseigneur Ginoulhire, deceased. In the bull of institution, however, Pius especially reserved to the Holy See the power "to make a new circumscription," by which is meant a change of the boundaries, of the archdiocese of Lyons at any time and manner it pleased. As no act or publication of the papal court has currency or authority in France until it has received the sanction of the government, M. Dufaure, the Minister of Justice and Public Worship, has given notice that the part of the bull of institution which claims the right to re-arrange the bounds of the diocese is disallowed, and therefore void.

The International Sunday-school Committee held a meeting in this city November 15. It was decided to select at this time only the lessons for 1878, leaving to a meeting in the spring the selection for 1879. Among the members present were the Rev. Drs. J. H. Vincent, president; Hall, of New York; Newton, of Philadelphia; and Gillett, of Illinois. Several of the Western members were not in attendance, on account of their engagements with Mr. Moody, at Chicago.

The arrangements for holding the next Pan-Anglican Synod in 1878 are maturing. It is now believed that there will be a considerable representation from the United States and the British colonies. The London *Post* says: "Some of the most influential of the American prelates have made it a condition of their presence and co-operation that all subjects of pressing and common interest and importance shall remain perfectly free and open for discussion. Such a course was, in their opinion, rendered imperatively necessary by the joint action of the late Archbishop Langley and Bishops Thirlwall and Tait, who, as will be remembered, arranged to keep out of consideration the Natal case at the last Synod. Among the subjects not unlikely to be considered are the restoration of the Athanasian Creed to the service-book of the American Church, and the construction of rules and services for the guidance and worship of religious brotherhoods and sisterhoods."

Archbishop Trench has again intimated "that should the expectation of his recovery remain unfulfilled," he would resign his office before long. The United Synod of the archdiocese have adopted a resolution unanimously deprecating the idea of his resignation.

The awakening in England on the subject of temperance spreads on every side. The clergy of the Established Church are especially active. The Archbishop of York and several bishops have become known as earnest temperance speakers. The clerical memorial asking for the enactment of repressive measures has been signed by 11,067 clergymen—more than half of the whole number connected with the Establishment in England and Wales. Among them are 11 bishops, 21 deans, 66 archdeacons, 59 canons, 190 honorary canons, and 126 prebendaries.

In nothing is the poverty of many of the one hundred and over theological seminaries of the United States more visible than in the small libraries which they possess. In the very full statistics presented by the *Congregationalist* of October 25, some of them report collections of books not exceeding 2000 volumes, others 5000, while a minority only of all can claim 20,000 each. The Union Theological Seminary, of this city, has a library, said to be especially rich in church history, of 33,500 volumes. The historical societies of the churches are wisely helping to gather and preserve documents illustrative of our local ecclesiastical history. One great theological library, complete in all departments, and offering to scholars facilities for investigation, is still a desideratum.

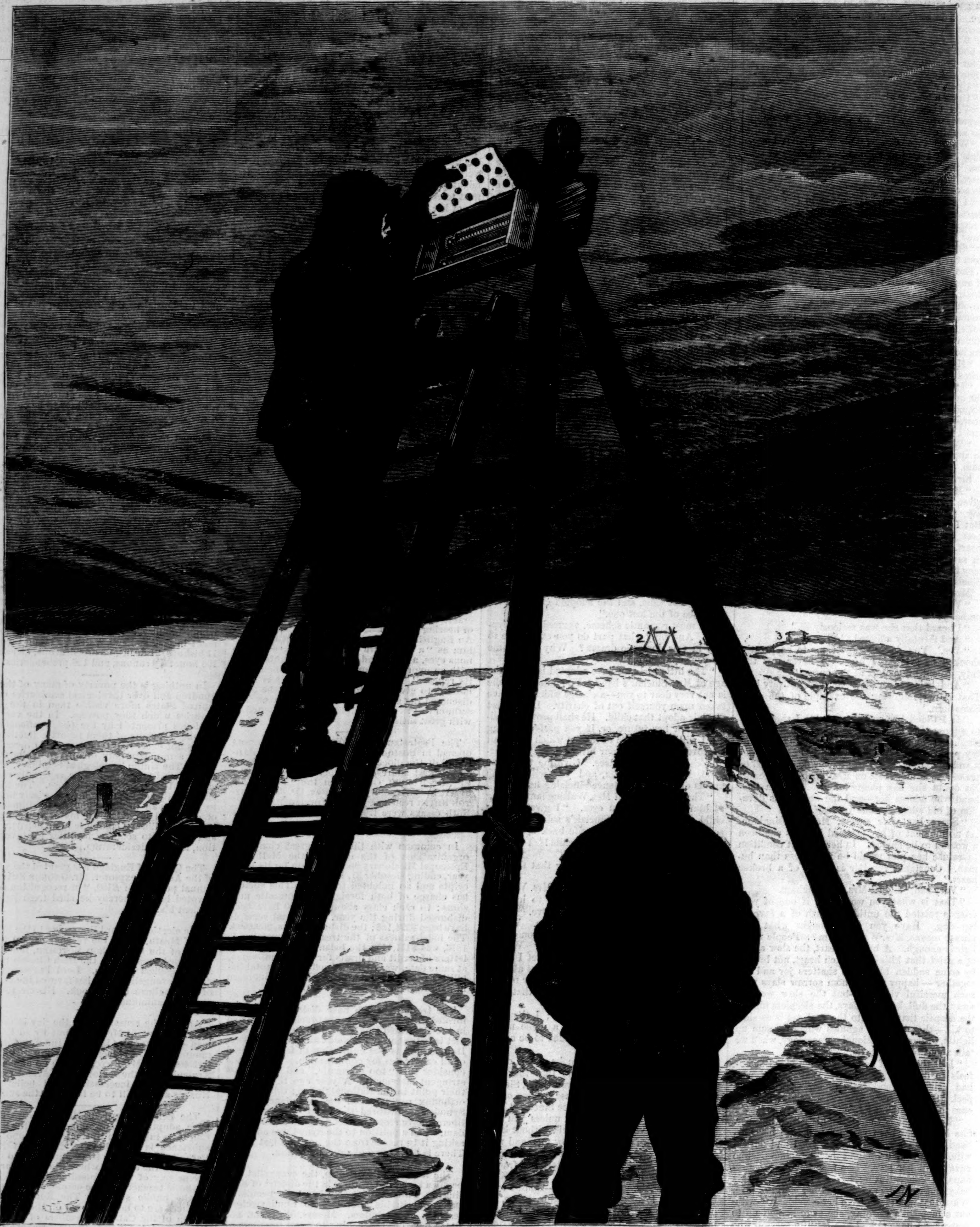
The Queen of England has granted the widow of the Assyrian explorer, Mr. George Smith, an annual pension of £150, "in recognition of his devoted labor, whereby he shed fresh light on ancient history."

The election of Lord Plunkett to the bishopric of Meath, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Bishop Butcher, indicates a confirmed tendency in the Irish Church toward an evangelical position. Lord Plunkett is a decided evangelical, and has favored the revision of the Anglican Prayer-book. His election was almost unanimous.

Among the sensations of the day is the successful ascent of Mount Ararat by an Englishman—Mr. Bryce, of Lincoln's Inn, London. The mountain is 17,212 feet high, and in making the last 4000 feet Mr. Bryce had to go alone. The Armenians of the region about Ararat consider the mountain inaccessible, and believe that Noah's ark is still to be found on the summit.

The School Board of Halifax, Nova Scotia, have adopted a compromise with the Roman Catholics in relation to the public schools. Its substance is as follows: "None but Roman Catholic teachers are to be appointed to or employed in the schools where the pupils are now exclusively of that denomination. No Roman Catholic teacher shall be employed in any other of the public schools. The Roman Catholic teachers are to be appointed on the recommendation of the Catholic members of the School Board, and the non-Catholic teachers on the recommendation of the non-Catholic members. The High School is excepted from the operation of these rules."

An important meeting for the illustration of the history and mythology of the nations of the East was the International Congress of Orientalists held in September in the city of St. Petersburg. Famous Orientalists were present, and among them a delegate from Japan. The list of topics noted for discussion was quite long, and embraced such as "The Mythology of the Asiatic Peoples," "Popular Instruction in Syria," "How far may the Mutual Relations of the Arab Tribes before Mohammed be employed to illustrate the Political Condition of the Israelites in the Time of the Judges?" "To what Antiquity do the oldest Japanese Chronicles go back?" Vice-Admiral Enomotto, the Japanese delegate, stated that the two chief ancient works on the history of his country dated, one from A.D. 712, the other from A.D. 730. Many courtesies were extended to the members of the Congress by the Russian Emperor.



1. Declinometer, Unifilar, and Dip House. 2. Radiation Thermometer. 3. Thermometers. 4. Observatory. 5. Snow Houses.

THE BRITISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION—TAKING THE TEMPERATURE.

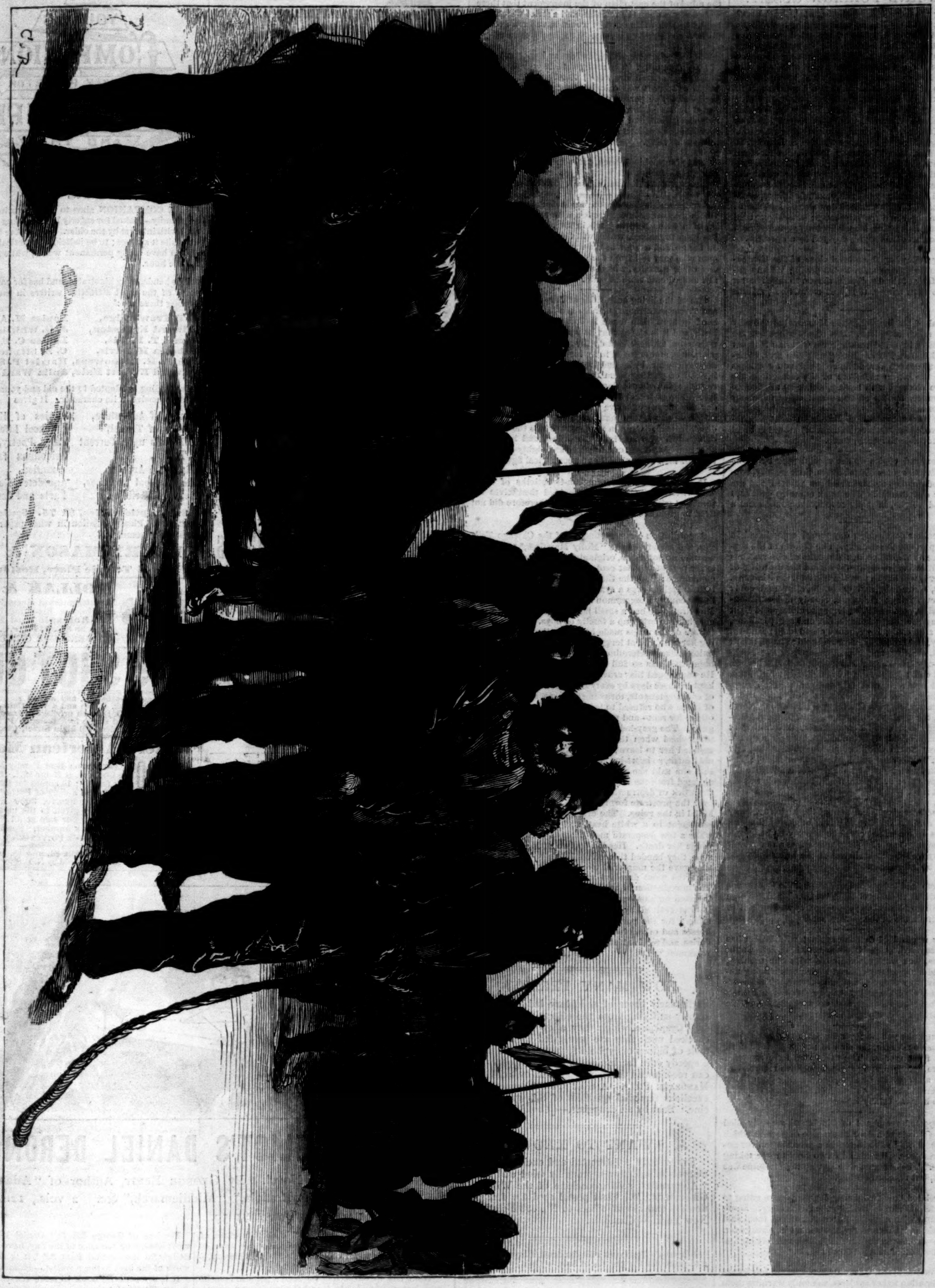
AN ARCTIC FAILURE.

The British arctic expedition, under Captain Nares, comprising the naval steamers *Alert* and *Discovery*, which left England in the summer of 1875 in search of the north pole, returned unsuccessful the latter part of last October. According to the telegraphic reports of the voyage, the expedition, after first encountering the ice, was detained several days in Port Payer. It started thence August 8, 1875, but before reaching the shore of Grinnell Land the vessels were caught in an ice-pack. After this their progress northward was an incessant struggle through chance openings made in the ice by wind and current, the channel through which the ships moved constantly closing behind them. The *Discovery* wintered in a well-sheltered harbor on the west side of Hall's Basin, a few miles north of Polaris Bay. The *Alert* pushed forward and rounded the north-east point of Grant's Land, but instead of finding, as expected, a continuous coast 100 miles toward the north, she found herself on the border of an extensive sea, with impenetrable ice on every side, and no harbor. In some places the ice barrier is said to have been 150 feet in thickness. President Land is declared to have no existence, and the open polar sea of Kane and Hayes to be a myth. The *Alert* wintered in latitude 82° 27′. At this point the sun was invisible 142 days, and the lowest temperature ever recorded was experienced. A detachment of sledges was sent northward, but the huge hills of rugged ice, frequently a mile in diameter, and varying in height from ten to fifty feet, presented obstacles which could not be overcome. In making a journey of about seventy-five miles the sledge party, on account of detours, and because the supplies had to be carried forward in installments, traversed 276 miles, and was obliged to return without accomplishing any thing. The party consisted of seventeen persons. Nine became utterly helpless, and had to be carried on the sledges. Two of them died, and were buried near Captain Hall's grave. All the members of the expedition declare it to be impossible to approach nearer the pole than their northern exploring party, which penetrated to within 400 miles of it. When at Polaris Bay the *Discovery* hoisted the American flag, and fired a salute in honor of the memory of Captain Hall, on whose grave was fixed a brazen tablet bearing the following inscription:

> "Sacred to the memory of Captain Hall, of the *Polaris*, who sacrificed his life in the advancement of science. This tablet is erected by the British Polar Expedition, who, following his footsteps, have profited by his experience."

During the winter rich collections in the department of natural history were made, and many valuable scientific observations were taken. Excellent coal was found near the place where the *Discovery* wintered. The expedition experienced the coldest weather ever registered, the temperature being 59° below zero for a fortnight, and falling once to 104° below freezing-point. The vessels left Smith Sound on the 9th of September.

In a letter to the New York *Herald*, Dr. Hayes,



THE BRITISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION—A SLEDGE PARTY ABOUT TO START.

the eminent American explorer, takes the English commander severely to task for abandoning the undertaking after one winter's trial. He reiterates his belief in an open polar sea, and in the practicability of reaching the pole. He says:

> "Believing in an open polar sea, I think it can be navigated. The English expedition saw great quantities of ice. They never left the land, and along the land you always find ice in all arctic waters. I believe that I reached beyond the land belt of ice in 1861. With a boat I could have gone to the pole. An ice-belt in summer depends much upon the prevailing winds, but as for any large body of water being at any time frozen over, even with the lowest temperature, it is unknown. Hudson Bay, Baffin Bay, and other arctic waters, even though comparatively small, are never frozen over. The deep-sea water in all the oceans and seas of the earth has a uniform temperature of about 35°. The surface water under the equator is often 85°, or even 88°.
>
> "In the arctics it is generally down to 29°; but even there it does not freeze unless the air is entirely calm, for water in motion does not freeze. I have seen waves rolling at 50° below zero, without a particle of ice in sight. The next day, when the air fell to calm, the whole sea was covered with a crystal mantle. The Arctic Ocean is over 2000 miles in diameter, and if any body will once get over the land-clinging ice-belt and into the middle of the Arctic Sea, he might sail about there to his heart's content, and I for one can not see why this English expedition should so soon have abandoned the field. There are certain avenues to this great, mysterious, unknown water.
>
> "There is the oft-tried Behring Strait, there is Baffin Bay, there is the Spitzbergen Sea, and the Greenland Sea. In this last quarter the Germans have found a new land. This land lies midway between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, which land I predicted many years ago in an address before the American Geographical Society."

The first of our illustrations represents taking the temperature. The self-registering maximum and minimum thermometers used when the *Alert* was in winter-quarters were secured in a perforated box elevated about nine feet above the floe between the ship and shore. Every day at noon they were noted and reset in the usual way by means of a magnet. This duty devolved upon an officer especially appointed for the purpose of taking all the thermometric readings—a post by no means a sinecure, for thermometers hung in almost every part of the ship, and the neighboring shore was furnished with more than one buried in the snow or elevated on a trifling rise of the hilly snow-covered land.

A second set of thermometers stood on a carefully constructed stand made of a cask elevated on a snow mound closer to the ship, as they had to be observed every hour, and sometimes oftener. During some of the rare gales that were experienced in late autumn and early spring it became impossible to obtain readings even from those nearest the ship's gangway. Whirling snows flew past so thickly that the thermometer stand only a few feet off could not be seen, and the pathway cut through the snow banking was filled with an ever-changing snow-drift, quite sufficient to delay an adventurous observer till the tip of his nose or the skin over his cheek-bones whitened in a frost-bite.

The second illustration shows a sledge party about to start on its perilous journey over the broken ice. As we have already stated, these parties, unable to surmount the difficulties of the way, returned without accomplishing any thing.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NOT long ago there was a gathering of "school-boys" in Boston; but they had all passed out of the rollicking days of boyhood, and had settled down to the sober realities of life. For all that, the centennial anniversary of the Boston Latin School was a most pleasant reunion of old classmates, many of whom had won a world-wide fame since they had cast aside the set lessons of school-days. About a hundred met to celebrate the occasion, among whom were such men as Rev. E. E. Hale, Hon. William M. Evarts, Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, President Eliot, of Harvard College, Professor William Everett, Hon. Charles Hale, ex-Chief Justice Charles S. Bradley, E. H. Derby, Rev. John T. Sargent, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Charles K. Dilloway, Professor J. Henry Thayer, and many others of similar note. After a social banquet, the minds of those present turned naturally to old times, and familiar speeches were made, reviving school-day scenes and full of entertaining personal reminiscences; letters were read from absent classmates, friendships were renewed, and the occasion was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

The day following the formal close of the Centennial Exhibition there were 15,425 paying visitors admitted. Many of the displays were seen to much better advantage than amidst the great crowds of previous days.

The trial of Dr. Strousberg in Moscow has recently attracted much attention. His offenses against the Russian laws involved transactions with the Moscow Commercial Loan Bank. By bribing directors, something like $5,000,000 were advanced to him on worthless security. Seventeen members of the council of the bank were charged with having, either by negligence or connivance, facilitated these and other nefarious transactions. Dr. Strousberg has been sentenced to perpetual banishment from Russia—a light punishment, it would seem, since he certainly would not feel very comfortable to remain there.

Ten thousand copies of the special report on *The Public Libraries of the United States*, their history, condition, and management, have been printed and are ready for distribution. The book contains over 1300 pages, and weighs, in paper covers, five pounds and a quarter.

The weather on election day varied a good deal in different parts of the country. The reports of the Signal Service at Washington, the results of observations taken a little before eight o'clock on the morning of November 7, will have a peculiar interest. In Alabama, Arkansas, California, and Colorado, clear and cold; Connecticut, rainy; Delaware, cloudy and threatening; Florida, cool and fair; Georgia, cloudy and light rains along the coast; Illinois, fair and cool; Indiana, clearing and cold; Iowa, cloudy and cold; Kansas, Kentucky, and Louisiana, clear and cold; Maine, rainy; Maryland, clearing up; Massachusetts, rainy; Michigan, cloudy and cool; Minnesota and Mississippi, clear and cold; Missouri, cool and cloudy; Nebraska, clear and cold; Nevada, fair and cool; New Hampshire, rainy; New Jersey, cloudy; New York, rainy on the coast, cloudy on the lakes and interior; North Carolina, coast rains; Ohio, cloudy and pleasant; Oregon, cloudy and cool; Pennsylvania, threatening at Philadelphia, cloudy at Erie and Pittsburg; Rhode Island, rainy; South Carolina, cloudy; Tennessee, fair and cool; Texas, clear and cold; Vermont, rainy; Virginia, cloudy at Norfolk; Wisconsin, fair and cold. The temperature at Breckinridge, Minnesota, was recorded at zero.

The *Engineer* gives instances of the highest railway speed on record. On several of the English railways a speed has been reached equal to seventy-eight, seventy-five, seventy-two, and sixty-nine miles an hour. If somebody would give statistics of the *safest* railways, it would be interesting.

Four hundred lodges of Indians—hostile Cheyennes—surrendered to General Miles on October 27. These bands will go to the Cheyenne Agency and submit to the requirements of the government.

A new method of defense against wild beasts has been discovered. One Mr. Jesse Smith, of Ellis County, Texas, was walking with his wife one evening, when suddenly a bear crossed their path. Being unarmed, Smith was for a moment puzzled. Then seizing a handful of the sandy soil, he threw it in Bruin's face. The bear recoiled, and on a repetition of the experiment, was compelled to retreat.

Although the yellow fever in Savannah has ceased its extensive ravages, the air will not be purified until a heavy frost comes. The cases that have occurred lately are chiefly among those who have returned to the city after weeks of absence. Having been living in a different and purer atmosphere, they are the most likely to become fatally infected.

A respected merchant of Cincinnati recently died from the effects of a dose of cyanide of potassa which was accidentally substituted in a prescription for potassa prussiate. He died in two hours after taking the dose. The druggist who put up the medicine was arrested, but released on bail.

It is related how two young Jerseymen, on going to the Centennial, first went into the Art Gallery. Looking around with a disappointed air, one of them said to his friend, "I reckon the show must be about over. I see they've taken out all the things, and left nothin' but some picters hangin' on the walls."

Ranovalomanjaka, Queen of Madagascar, has issued a proclamation to her subjects, solemnly warning them against the use of intoxicating liquors; and she also administers reproofs and threats to those who sell those beverages.

Five thousand pounds having been collected in Germany for a statue to Alexander von Humboldt, application was made to the Berlin University for a site. It was finally decided to give space for the statue on university ground on condition that a corresponding statue of Wilhelm von Humboldt should be erected opposite to his brother, Wilhelm von Humboldt having been largely concerned in the foundation of the university.

On the night of November 7 an infamous attempt was made to steal the remains of President Lincoln. The perpetrators of this deed broke open the doors of the vault, pried off the lids of the sarcophagus, and had partially removed the casket from it, when they were alarmed by watchmen and made their escape. It appears that some suspicion had been aroused in the mind of the custodian of the monument that there were designs upon the remains, and a strict watch was kept, otherwise this outrage would have been accomplished.

The dairy-farmers of England are an important class of the community. The returns of last year show that in England alone there were 1,600,000 milch cows, of which number it was calculated 1,200,000 were in the hands of 50,000 persons. The value of the milk produced by these cows, putting the price at sixpence per imperial gallon, and estimating that each cow yields four hundred gallons a year, would amount to twelve millions sterling.

Potato-bugs, chinch-bugs, curculios, weevils, Hessian flies, grasshoppers, cut-worms, etc., are the insect depredators which afflict and discourage Western farmers.

Arrangements have been made for the accidents which may occur in connection with the proposed exhibition to be held in Paris in 1878. A medical staff has been organized, which will take up head-quarters on the ground as soon as the works begin. Any workman who may fall from the scaffolding, or meet with any other casualty, will thus find surgical assistance and skilled care close at hand.

One of the living curiosities at Barnum's Menagerie and Circus at Gilmore's Garden is a man tattooed from head to foot. His name is Costentenus, a Greek by birth, and it is stated that he was one of a party who penetrated Chinese Tartary for mining purposes some years ago, and engaged in an insurrection there. The natives captured him and two of his companions, and instead of putting them to death, adopted the more cautious plan of tattooing their bodies and setting them free. The process of tattooing occupied six hours a day for three successive months, and the torture inflicted was so severe that the captives used to beg for death instead. Captain Costentenus was the only one of the trio who survived the ordeal, and he carries about on his person one hundred and eighty-eight pictures of men and animals and geometrical figures.

It is estimated that nineteen-twentieths of those who visited the Centennial provided themselves beforehand with a fifty-cent piece, and therefore did not need to go to the Centennial Bank.

According to a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, the society of the "Molly Maguires," which has become so notorious, originated in Ireland during the latter part of the last century, from the following circumstance: "At the time when the name of a landlord in Ireland was a synonym of cruelty, there lived in the county Roscommon an old woman named Molly Maguire. She had a small holding of land, and struggled hard to bring up a family of boys. The constant failure of the crops made her somewhat tardy in paying her rent, and at length the land agent—an unscrupulous man—determined to eject her from the little home that was so full of sacred recollections to her. He summoned his 'crow-bar brigade'—a gang of men kept in those days by every land agent for the purpose of evicting tenants, throwing the houses over the heads of those who refused to leave, and seizing the cattle of others for rent—and went to the shieling of Molly Maguire. The gray-haired matron was alone at her spinning-wheel when the cruel gang came. They commanded her to leave; but so attached was she to the old hearth, so heart-broken at the prospect of eviction, that she said she would die first, and refused to be dragged from the hut. The brigade then commenced the work of destruction, and soon hurled the cottage over the prostrate form of old Mrs. Maguire, who was killed in the ruins. The cruel act stirred the popular sentiment to a white heat, and at the old woman's wake a few desperate men pledged themselves to revenge her death. Headed by two of Molly Maguire's sons, they banded themselves into a society, to which they gave the murdered woman's name, and for some time the most dreadful atrocities were perpetrated. The introduction of the Molly Maguire movement into the coal regions occurred about the close of the war. It was revived by some dissatisfied and desperate miners for the purpose of having revenge on mine bosses and others in authority in and around the collieries, and received its title from some of the old Irish workmen."

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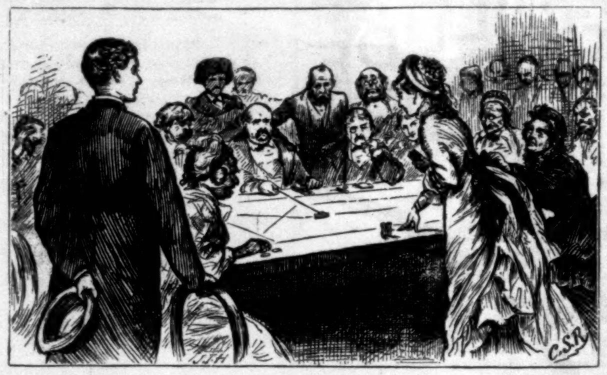

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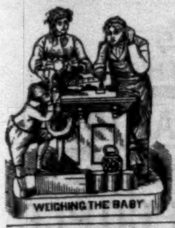

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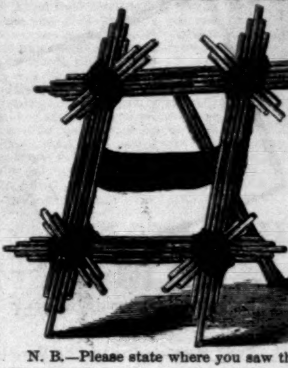

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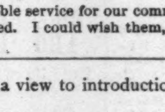

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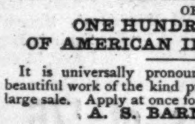

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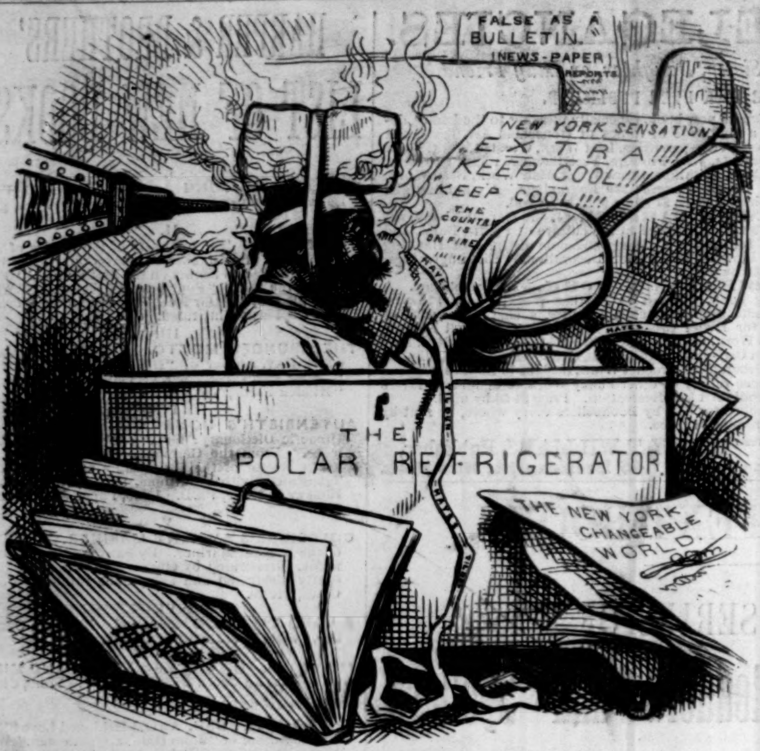

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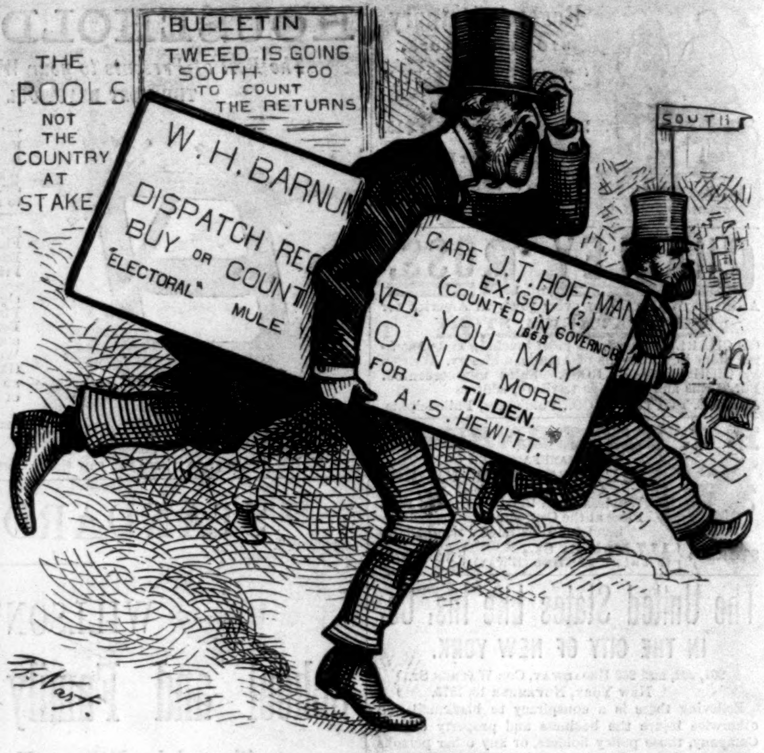
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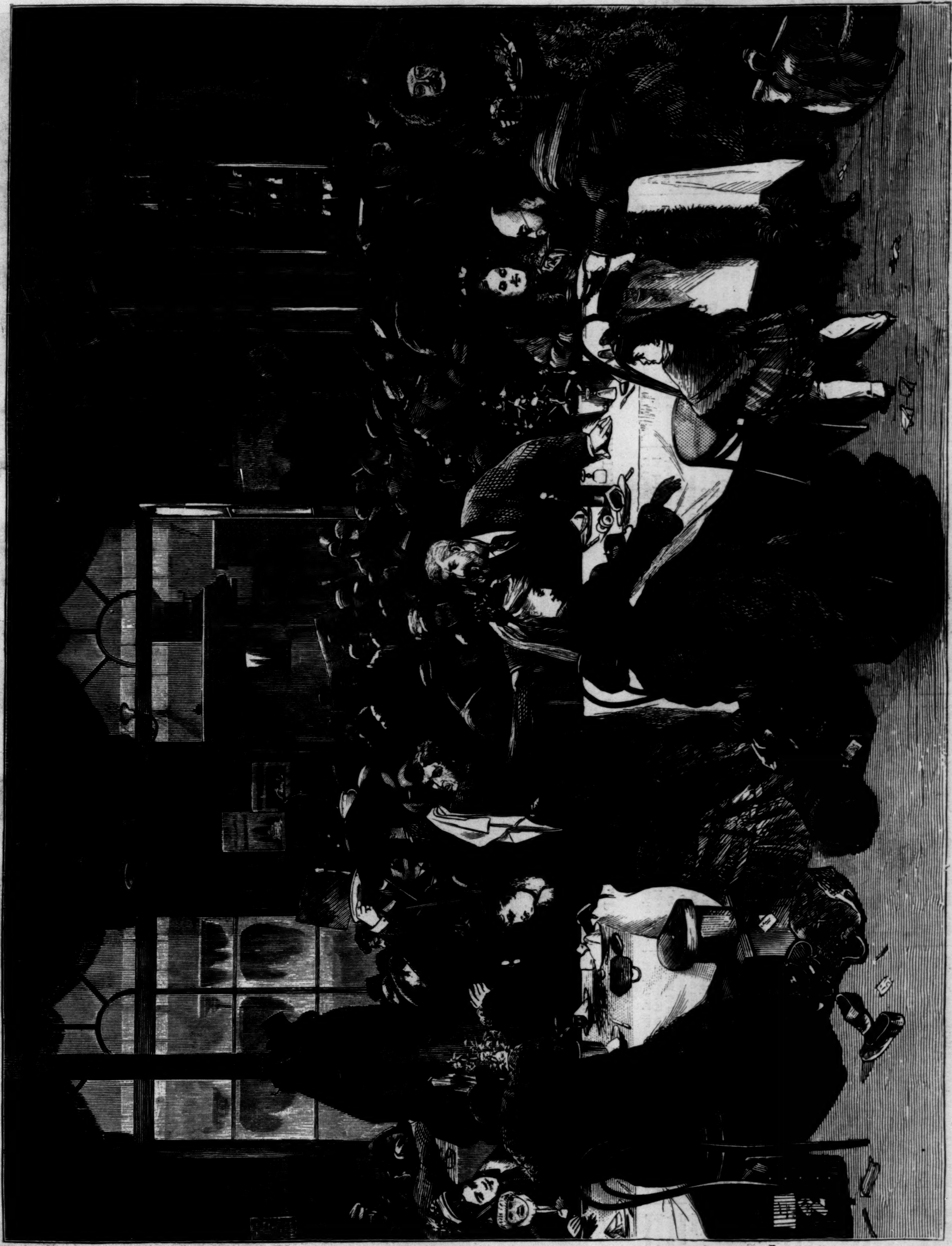
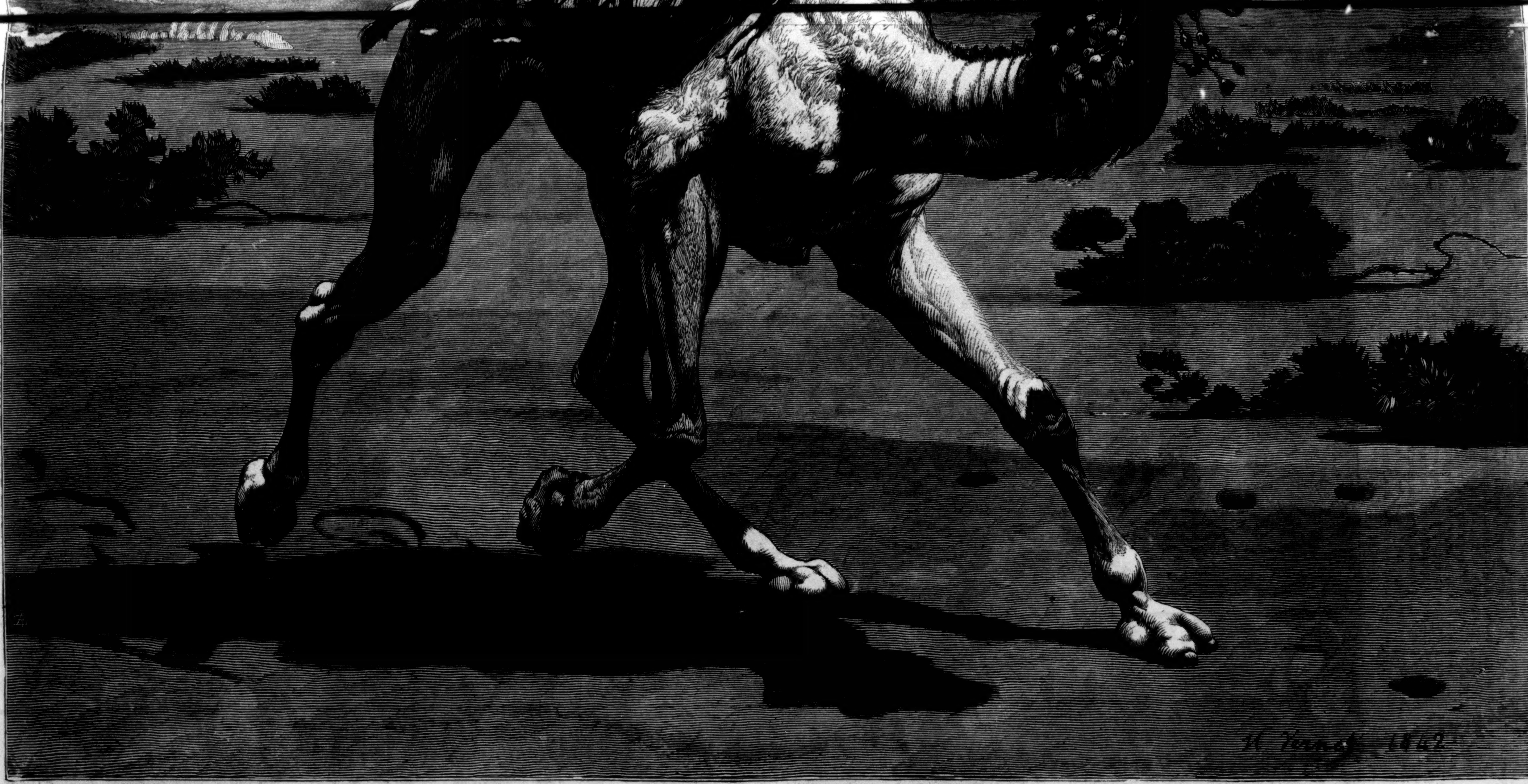


"TEN MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS."—[FROM A PAINTING BY KNUT EKWALL.]

"TEN MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS."

SOME of the most amusing passages in DICKENS'S *American Notes*, and in Mrs. TROLLOPE'S now half-forgotten book on America, are those which describe, with (it must be confessed) very little exaggeration, the habit of bolting down food which was once characteristic of Americans on almost all occasions, and which, we regret to say, may still be observed at lunch counters in the middle of the day and at railway stations where trains halt a short time for refreshments. But the habit is no longer distinctively American. No people in the world are more prone to linger at table, when the business cares of the day are over and dismissed from the mind, than those very Americans who gobble up their noonday lunch with lightning-like velocity. They may begrudge every moment lost to business by the necessity of attending to the demands of hunger; but when they have once bidden adieu to the bank, the counting-room, or the stock exchange, when once the hurry of the day is over, and business no longer claims attention, not even the Orientals themselves enjoy leisure with so keen a zest, or linger with greater pleasure about the social board. The good Western Governor who boasted that he once gave a state dinner to his Legislature in fifteen minutes—"*ten* courses, and never changed a plate, Sir!"—would find very few sympathizers in these later times.

Of course, when an express train stops for five or ten minutes at a railway station, the rush of hungry and thirsty passengers is something tremendous and appalling; but our system of serving refreshments, and even substantial meals on the palace-cars upon long routes, is in a measure doing away with this vicious incident of travel. They have not yet reached this pitch of civilization in Europe, although on some of the English railways there is a system of telegraphing ahead to a station where the train stops for half an hour, by which a substantial dinner or supper may be ordered. But no American station eating-house could offer a spectacle of greater confusion and discomfort than that depicted on this page by a European artist. The scene is evidently Continental, and the season winter. The passengers, weary and hungry, have rushed from the close and crowded coupés into the warm saloon, determined to make the most use of the limited time at their disposal, and each resolved to let no one else get the best of it in the general scramble for food and drink. There is no time for ceremony or good manners, and none are shown. The party on the left have evidently ordered a good dinner, but, through the eagerness of the traveler on the right, who has seized the unfortunate waiter by the coat tail, the dishes are mostly deposited on the lady's head instead of on the table. A hungry traveler rescues a plate from the impending destruction, and appropriates it to his own use. The buffet is besieged by a surging crowd, each one so determined to be first that not one in ten can get near enough to be served. Meanwhile, the station-master appears in the doorway, ringing his bell and announcing that



"THE POST OF THE DESERT"—AN ARAB BEARER OF DISPATCHES.—[FROM A PAINTING BY HORACE VERNET.]

the time is up and the train about to start. To be left behind would be worse than losing one's dinner; and the disappointed and discomfited passengers pick up their packages and hand-bags and scurry back to their places, much the worse in temper, if not in body, for the unfortunate halt for refreshments.

"THE POST OF THE DESERT."

NOT many months ago we gave our readers an engraving from one of HORACE VERNET'S great paintings, entitled "The Prayer in the Desert," representing an Arab kneeling on the desert sands by the side of his camel at the close of day. In this issue we offer what may be regarded as a companion piece to that picture.

Camels, as well as their Moorish and Arabian masters, were favorite subjects with the great French painter. They appear in many of his compositions. The "ship of the desert," as the huge humpbacked animal is frequently called in the East, is represented here as "The Post of the Desert," its business being to transport a bearer of dispatches across the sandy wastes of Algeria. The original sketch was made while VERNET was with the French army of invasion in that country.

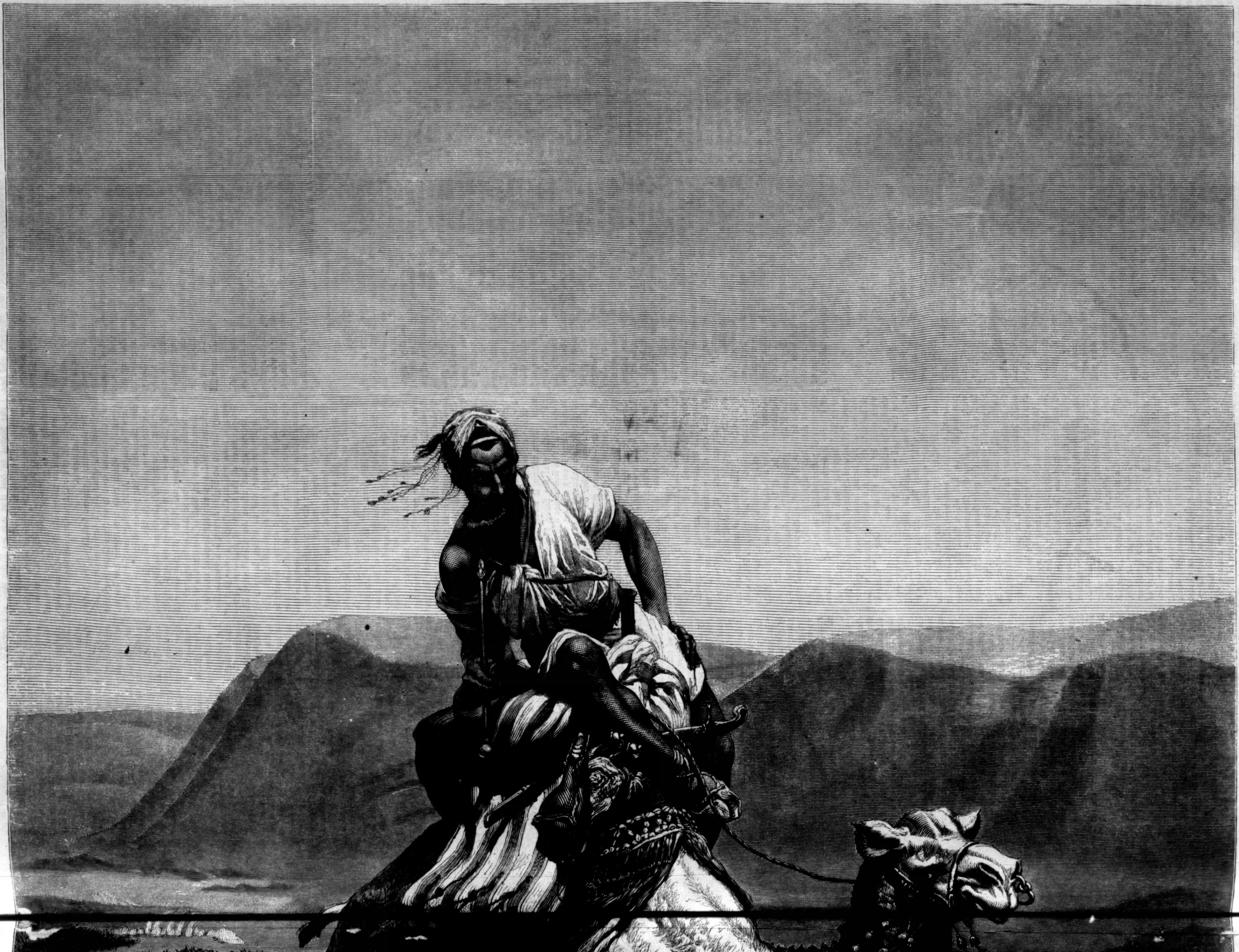
The camel, with his slender and shrunken limbs, his light quarters, and his shambling gait, seems little adapted to the performance of any labor requiring either speed or strength; but his powers of endurance enable him to accomplish a long journey in a shorter space than even the horse, and he bears a burden greatly disproportioned to his own weight. In Algeria the camel carries from 450 to 675 pounds; at Cairo, according to one authority, he carries 1500 pounds for a distance of three miles, and 1000 from Cairo to Suez, which is eighty-four miles; in Cabul, according to General HARLAN, the burden of the Arabian camel is, upon the plains, 400 pounds; in European Turkey the one-humped camel is said to carry from 400 to 500 pounds, and BURNES estimates the load of the same animal in Bokhara at 500 pounds.

With respect to food, there is no doubt that the camel endures two, three, and even more days of entire privation; but long abstinence from food is seldom necessary, because, although there are well-attested instances of the existence of tracts of desert frequently crossed by caravans six days' journey in width, and absolutely without a particle of vegetation, yet there are few portions of the Libyan or Arabian deserts where more or less of the shrubs on which the camel feeds do not occur at very much shorter intervals. On the ordinary routes, therefore, the camel is not fed at all, even on long journeys, but is left to snatch such food as he can during the march of the caravan, or to gather it more leisurely as he halts. According to the testimony of one Asiatic traveler, during a journey of seven weeks made with these animals in Arabia Petræa, in the months of May and June, only a single camel of the caravan received any food from his driver. This was a fine large animal bred by the Ahabdah Arabs, which was fed at every evening halt with from a pint to a quart of beans. His habit of feeding as he walked, however, was a serious inconvenience to the traveler. At the commencement of a day's march he was always on the look-out for the stunted acacias and other prickly plants which, with occasionally a more succulent herb, constituted almost his sole diet. He snatched them in passing, giving an uncomfortable jerk as he turned to seize them, or he suddenly stopped, and after overwhelming his rider with dread lest he should be suddenly projected over the stooping shoulders of the beast into space, continued to browse at his leisure in spite of all persuasives to advance.

The power of the camel to abstain from water is much more severely tested than his ability to dispense with food. He is patient under thirst; but Lieutenant BURNES tells us it is a vulgar error to believe that the camel can live any length of time without water: he generally pines and dies on the fourth day, and with great heat will even sink sooner. The testimony of travelers as well as of native observers on this subject varies widely, but the discrepancies can generally be explained by differences of breed, of season, or by the greater or less succulence of the food consumed by the animal. Their ability to do without water for so long a period even as that already mentioned is due to the lining of the second stomach, or honey-comb bag, and of a portion of the first stomach, or paunch, with great masses of cells, in which water is stored up and long retained. The store of water is well known to the Arabs, who, when sore pressed by thirst, will sometimes kill some of the camels of the caravan, and thus avoid perishing themselves.

That the camel was a native of Asia from the earliest times, and the great commercial vehicle of the East in ancient as in modern days, can not be doubted. There is constant testimony to this effect in the Scriptures. When JOSEPH'S brethren had cast him into the pit, and after the completion of their crime sat down to eat bread, "they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt." Again, in Judges, we read that "GIDEON arose and slew ZEBAH and ZALMUNNA, and took away the ornaments that were on their camels' necks." In Genesis we also find that JACOB "divided the people that was with him, and the flocks and herds, and the camels, into two bands." The domesticated condition of the animal at this early period is still further proved in the same chapter, where it states that among the presents sent by JACOB to propitiate ESAU were "thirty milch camels with their colts." In Leviticus the camel is enumerated among the forbidden animals, "because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof; he is unclean unto you." Part of JOB'S substance consisted of three thousand camels; and CAMUS notices that ARISTOTLE observes there have been persons who possessed as many as three thousand camels, the precise number of JOB'S. The third messenger of evil informs JOB that "the Chaldeans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels, and have carried them away." Also, after his afflictions, when the Lord blessed the latter end of JOB more than his beginning, six thousand camels formed part of the blessing.

The camel appears to have been a domestic animal from the earliest time, for though there has been much research in regard to the matter, there is no satisfactory evidence that camels ever existed in a wild state. DIODORUS and STRABO, indeed, mention the wild camel of Arabia, and DESMOULINS, who has written most reliably on the subject, asserts that it existed in such a condition in the time of HADRIAN. The natives of Central Africa also maintain that the animal is found wild in the mountains where Europeans have never penetrated. But it is far from improbable that these wild camels, like the wild horses of the American prairies, have owed their parentage to camels which had escaped from the control of man. With scarcely any means of defense, and nearly useless in the scheme of creation, as far as we can judge, unless as the slave of man, it forms a remarkable parallel to the sheep, the ox, and others of the ruminating species, which are also rarely if ever found excepting under the protection of man, and to that protection are indebted, indeed, for their existence as a distinct species.

PURCHAS, the old traveler, says: "Of camels there are three kinds: the first, called Hajuin, of tall stature, and able to carry a thousand pounds weight; the second less, having a double hunch, fit for carriages to ride on, called Becheti, bred only in Asia; the third sort, called Raguahill, small, able to travel (for they are unfit for burdens) above a hundred miles a day. The King of Timbuctoo can send messengers on such camels to Segelmess or Darha, nine hundred miles distant, in the space of eight days at the farthest." He further states that such enduring swiftness would be almost incredible were it not corroborated by the best authorities, who all agree in their accounts of the speed of the Heirie, or Maherry of the desert, PURCHAS'S "Raguahill." "When thou shalt meet a Heirie," say the Arabs, in their poetical mode of expression, "and say to